

Chatelaine

AUGUST, 1948
FIFTEEN CENTS

The Canadian Woman's Magazine





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WABASSO COTTONS

What Makes a Family Strong?

An Editorial by
Byrne Hope Sanders

I WISH we could make September a month nationally dedicated to the Family. Wouldn't it be a fine thing to take time off, to think about the family? To see whether ours is really strong—or whether we are fostering a weak one.

For there's little doubt that, the way we live today, the enemies of family life are becoming frightening.

Think of some of them: money worries; housing troubles; changing standards of sexual behavior; a lessening interest in the Church; fears—of a war, a depression, of insecurity.

Thousands of men and women are groping for guidance in offsetting the menace of these enemies to family life.

SOME OF this guidance was given to those of us who attended the National Conference on Family Life in Washington, by Dr. Eduard C. Lindeman, of Columbia University, New York. The title of his talk was the one I've given this editorial, and his ideas have changed the pattern of my own thinking about family life. They may do the same for you.

THIS, IN a nutshell, is what he told us.

A strong family is one in which there is a fair division of labor—and in which it is taken for granted that each member will play his part.

How simple to state such a rule—and how difficult to put into operation! But each family, as it grows, must learn how to divide responsibilities. Otherwise family weaknesses will tend to increase.

A strong family is one in which budgets are openly arrived at.

All members of a family have a right to know what the family income is, and how it is spent. Each member should help in some way, however small, in deciding the financial policy of the family. It is always a sign of weakness when money matters are kept secret.

A family must seek unity—not uniformity.

The simplest way to attain order is to impose uniformity. Parents who insist upon obedience to specific rules often hold that their children are "well in hand." But it is just such families that are later rent by revolt. If strong families are to build a strong democracy the need for adjustment to difference is vital in both spheres. Nationally it is the difference between totalitarianism and democracy. At home it is the difference between building for family strength—or weakness.

This unity must be carefully cultivated.

Family affections are strong and enduring. But family hates are equally strong and fateful in their long-term consequences. Family affections can be cultivated in a setting of free criticism and unaffected love. It's an objective to be consciously and critically cultivated—not taken for granted.

Family strength is augmented by a humorous point of view.

Humor grows from confidence, from faith in oneself and in one's fellows. It is a sure sign of inner strength.

Families must be prepared to face tragedy.

Most tragic experiences are family matters. Death, parting, failure—these tragic moments seem to come without anticipation. It is as if each family grew up in an unreal world where, whatever the tragedy on all sides, misfortune will not strike us.

When the blow falls, internal weaknesses reveal themselves, and, too often a family disintegrates. We have to learn how to develop a stronger attitude toward life's inevitabilities in our homes.

FAMILY LIFE is the clue to all other varieties of human relationships.

Learning how to make ours stronger is one of the most important jobs we have, as members of any family group... for peace at home, or in the world.



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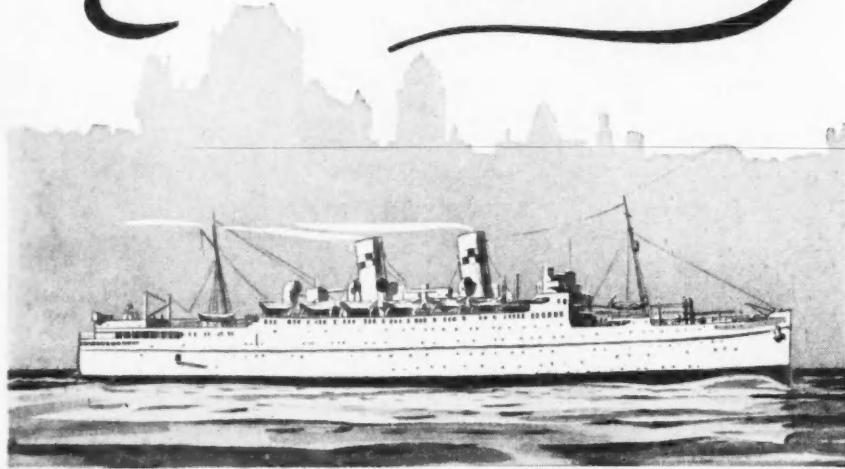
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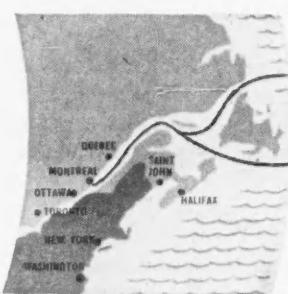
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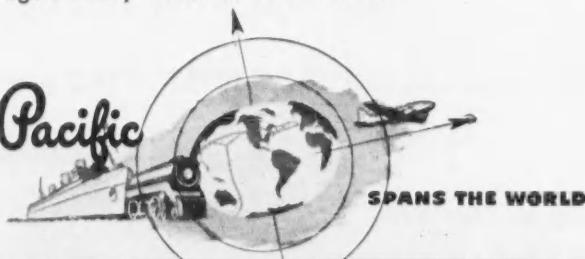


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You Can Play

Are you a dub? An expert? Play for Fun? For Fury? These ten easy-to-follow tips will improve your game, however you go at it



by **Liz Gairdner**

BRIDGE is a chancy thing. There's choice of strategy, choice of systems, choice of partners, of where you sit, of whether or not you believe the luck runs with the floorboards. And whenever you make a choice, you're taking a chance on it.

You're running a risk about whether the game brings out the best or the worst in you. Bridge is a gambler's paradise. It's also a sedative, a mathematical exercise, an emotional escape or a means of livelihood, depending on how you play. And if you talk to enough bridge addicts you'll probably decide that Anglo Saxon isn't strong enough to describe how some people think some other people play.

Bridge players vary. Some smoke, drink, crack peanuts and bid indiscriminately with a blare of radio music jazzing on; some only come to life when they're playing dummy, and halfway through the game start off, "Guess what the baby did this afternoon . . ."; others play tensely and swiftly, with clenched lips, as though no evening were long enough to encompass all the card coups crowding in their minds. But according to Marjorie Anderson—sometimes referred to as "Canada's Mrs. Bridge"—who has 23 silver trophies packed together on her window ledge, however you play it "bridge doesn't get tiresome. There's always more to learn."

Statistics show that every year about 3½ million Canadians—one in every four—take a hand in it. For fun, for prizes, or just to bask in a partner's approval for once, a lot of them want to improve their game.

With them in mind, Chatelaine turned to Mrs. W. M. Anderson of Toronto, a sleek, arrestingly vivid champion whose bridge game—colloquially speaking—knocks 'em for a deck of cards. Marjorie Anderson is a current holder of the U. S. National Women's Team of Four Championship. She has 211 masterpoints (a standard assigned by the American Contract Bridge League)—more than any other woman in Canada. And just to keep her on the

bit, her husband, whom Mrs. Anderson first met over a bridge table, is considered Canada's top mathematical bridge expert. Actually, this means he speculates and theorizes about bridge problems more than he plays, but Anderson humorously defines the term himself as a man whose skill at bridge is not particularly outstanding, considering his knowledge of the game.

Chatelaine's brief outline of how to play better bridge is based on Marjorie Anderson's point of view. It takes time and a certain aptitude to master it, but its substance is nothing more complicated than concentration, common sense and the generally accepted standards of good manners.

To improve your game

If we were admitting that everyone had the potential to become bridge-perfect, we'd be denying that nebulous thing called bridge sense. Some people, the experts say, will never be good bridge players. They can't concentrate. But they could get more fun out of the game. The following information should be in the possession of every player. Learned by rote, it can be only a collection of tricks; studied in conjunction with the determination to give it a try, it becomes a helpful guide to better play.

1. Train your memory. Bridge experts are like fight enthusiasts harking back to the Tunney-Dempsey bouts . . . they talk about hands they held years ago. Mrs. Anderson can reconstruct at least 30 hands effortlessly. Try reconstructing more than two.

Get a few good bridge books and read them 20 times—if you have to—till you know them backward. "The Standard Book of Bidding" by Charles H. Goren, kingpin today, is a sound choice.

2. Play with better players whenever you can. Generally speaking you'll find these among women rather than men. For one thing, women spend more time playing; the little woman is perfectly happy to take advice. Men, on the other hand, are less likely to concentrate on the evening's game, or admit

Better Bridge



they're wrong if they can help it. (On the top level, however, men are better than women because they stand the physical pace better and jitter less.)

If your hostess places you opposite a bridge wizard, don't disintegrate. Under-bidding is just as bad as overbidding your hand. Don't make the same mistake twice and you'll get by.

3. It's helpful to take bridge lessons, but not essential, and it's only helpful if your teacher is adept. You can learn a great deal by watching a game and following the discussion afterward, or by studying champions in tournament play.

4. Play duplicate bridge hands from time to time. Unlike social bridge, tournament bridge is played with them because it practically wipes out the element of luck. After one ordinary deal, the hands are kept separate, tucked into pockets on "duplicate boards" and passed from table to table. You must of course have several tables to play in this manner. The value is

Canada's Mrs. Bridge. Mrs. Marjorie Anderson, top woman champion who has won 23 silver trophies following the advice she offers here; and plays amiably with her husband, to boot!



that it gives you a chance to see how your performance stands up against another's.

5. Learn to bid properly (which is a different thing from perfectly) and of course you can't take a bid back once it's mentioned. Remember that the lure of bridge lies in the fact that it's a partnership game, and try to interpret your partner's bidding correctly. The days of euchre are over, when you bid and played it alone, but a lot of people don't seem to know it.

• *Continued on page 57*

A fine Cigarette



PLAIN OR CORK TIP

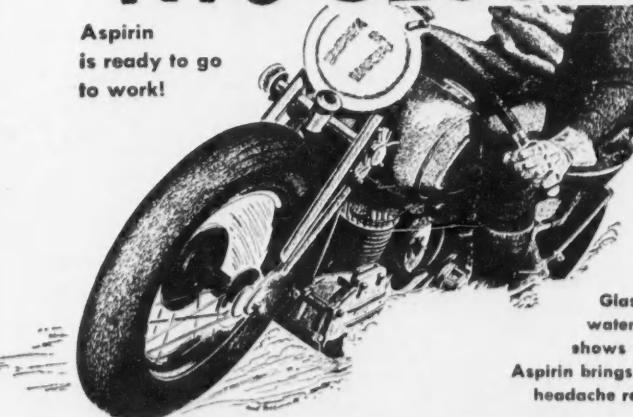
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They used to call her

The Little Rebel

by Helen Catheart

formerly of the personal staff of
Her Majesty Queen Mary.



SUDDENLY she's grown up. On Aug. 21 H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose—"the little rebel"—"the live-wire Princess"—the Princess who, in her own words, was determined not to become a "carbon-copy sister" will be 18.

The awkward, adolescent phase is gone. At royal garden parties and court receptions guests are beginning to exclaim over her classic beauty, highlighted by the flawless skin and coloring that are the Queen's gift to her royal younger daughter.

There have been hundreds of stories about her childhood . . . her independence of spirit. Her sense of humor and mimicry. Her mischievousness in the course of ceremonial palace life. "Life in a goldfish bowl," as she once described it.

But today Princess Margaret has an outward demureness that cloaks a deepening poise and self-assurance. For months past she has been making an almost daily appearance in the news, now launching a liner, now naming a new hospital or opening a youth conference. These are the traditional duties of royalty in training, and when Margaret Rose officially comes of age this month she will be well prepared to undertake the new and heavier duties and responsibilities that will fall to the second in succession to the British throne.

Admittedly, it scarcely seems 18 years since the Queen went to Glamis Castle for the anticipated birth of a son and, as a guest of the Dowager Countess of Airlie, I first heard from Home Secretary John Clynes that the expected boy was a girl. We immediately realized the delight of this "gift of a sister" to Princess Elizabeth. And is it really 11 years since the Coronation . . . when, gazing down on Margaret's tiny gold-encircled head, one felt strangely moved by the thought—for a second time—that the future ruler of the Empire should one day most likely be a woman?

Today, still second in succession to the throne, Princess Margaret inevitably moves closer to the affairs of the world-wide British family. No longer merely a younger sister, the Princess has been emerging gradually from the chrysalis covering her childhood, and soon she will have her own personal staff: a comptroller, a secretary, her ladies-in-waiting . . .

That she will handle responsibilities with a deft touch is certain. At the launching of the Edinburgh Castle recently, a shy * *Continued on page 42*



CHATELAINE FOR AUGUST

Photo by Dorothy Wilding.

by Mabel Brown Farwell

IT WAS A large and noisy room that Dale Williams stood in. Boys with their partners danced past her, some concentrating, some suave as men twice their age and beside her Ted Mason pounded out music on the upright.

A tall, dark-haired boy, Dominic, called to her from the floor, "How'm I doing, Miss Dale?"

She smiled and waved encouragement to him. He was smooth and she watched him for a moment. Smooth and completely untrustworthy. And suddenly everything seemed drab and dusty and futile.

It is spring outside, she thought. Green leaves are on the trees, the air is filled with newness and promise, and I want something exciting and wonderful to happen . . . I want Clark to call me. That's all that's wrong. Spring!

Ted Mason brought his hands down in a crashing finale, grinned at her and then ran a scale of thin, sweet, high notes that trailed off to nothing.

"What next?" he asked.

There was vociferous applause from the dancers. "Face your partners in a circle," Dale called. "Move forward, right change, left change until Mr. Mason gives you the signal—then dance."

"This is the last one," Ted said above the music he was making, "and then you and I are going to hop a bus and have ourselves some fun."

"Are we?" Dale asked, but knew they weren't. She would think of an excuse later, a plausible one. And he would know that it was an excuse and he would go to his room in the settlement house and she would go to hers and wait for the telephone to ring and when it did, he would answer it and come up the stairs two at a time to pound on her door and tell her that her old sawbones boy friend was on the line. "Hello, Clark," she'd say, "Hello, Sawbones." And she'd be so happy that nothing else in the world would matter.

Looking across the room, she noticed that one of the boys wasn't dancing. It was Joseph, the one she liked best of all, the timid one. She walked over to him. "No partner?" she asked.

"She wanted to dance with Dominic—two of them wanted to dance with him."

She looked and saw Dominic twirling his two partners. She turned and smiled at Joseph. "Don't let him do that to you," she said. "There's a girl for every boy tonight, Joseph."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care."

Joseph, with a mother who didn't want him and a father who had set out for parts unknown, had to care. There never would be anyone to fight his battles for him. He had been sent to the settlement house by a judge of the juvenile court and from the very first, because of his shyness and the forsaken look in his eyes, Dale had longed to protect him, to shield him from the bullying his shyness invited. But outwardly she'd conquered that instinct.

"What do you suppose Miss Drake would think of me, Joseph," she asked, "if she came in now and saw me letting one boy dance with two girls?"

His brown eyes studied hers. "Fire you?"

"What do you think?"

"Well . . ." You could see the wheels of his mind forcing him into action. He stood up. "Okay."

She watched him walk out and claim one of Dominic's girls; then she went back to Ted at the piano.

"Joseph's a panty-waist," Ted said. "You're never going to do anything with him."

WASN'T SHE? Accomplish nothing for Joseph or Dominic or any of them? Sometimes, like tonight, she wasn't sure, but if she didn't, it wouldn't be their fault; it would be hers—because she hadn't cared enough. She knew what would make her care—to see Clark, to hear his familiar voice, to be inspired as only he could inspire her. She was a little ashamed that this was so—she shouldn't need anyone. But it was

the spring, it was loving him and counting the days since he had called.

The dance was over. She stood at the door and shook hands with the girls; she helped with wraps and saw herself in the mirror in the hall—her brown head with the blue band over its smoothness, brown eyes, straight nose, a face she had once thought passable, but tonight . . . Twenty-three years old, living in a settlement house, being a mother to 10 or 30 or a hundred . . .

"Good night, Rose and Marjorie and Jean." And Dorothy and Bertha and Teresa. She held open the big front door and saw them giggling and talking as they hopped and skipped and bumped going down the walk. She watched, letting the warm night air blow over her, and discovered that she was saying Clark's telephone number in her mind. It would be the easiest thing in the world to call him. Then she heard the words he had once said to her, "You couldn't take it, honey. You'd make the worst doctor's wife in the world."

But for two years now she'd been proving how wrong he was, hadn't she? She wasn't a doctor's wife; only a doctor's best girl, but she wasn't going to let the first whiff of spring throw her, was she? He worked from eye-open to eye-shut and when he had time, he called her.

"Miss Dale . . ."

She knew before she turned whose voice it was. She smiled at him. "Yes, Joseph."

"Good night," was all he said, but underneath were all the things he'd left unsaid; all the things he wanted to say. He hesitated for a moment as if there were more and she felt the longing in him for something. Just as there was a longing in her. Impulsively she threw an arm across his shoulders and left a kiss on the lean, fair, 12-year-old cheek.

It was a small thing to do—it took not more than a second—but it erased completely the loneliness from Joseph's face. "I wish . . . I wish," he said, "I could do something wonderful for you, Miss Dale."

"Why," she laughed, "just because I kissed you good night? You do something wonderful for me every day, Joseph."

"Naw . . ." he looked down at his feet. "I don't."

"Of course you do."

"Honest?"

She nodded. "You're a good boy, Joseph."

"Well," he said. "Well, good night."

She watched him as he climbed the stairs to his room. He'd been with them almost two months now, one of the boys who occupied temporarily the dormitory on the third floor. They'd stay only until homes could be found for them somehow; not bad boys, only ones nobody had ever cared about. "I wish I could do something wonderful for you . . ."

Suddenly she heard the telephone ringing in the empty office. "I'll get it," she called to Ted or Miss Drake or whoever there might be and flew to answer it. It was Clark calling . . . she knew it was. She banged the office door shut and picked up the receiver. "Hello," she said, breathless with expectation.

"Mrs. Cameron Williams calling Miss Dale Williams," the operator said. "Miss Williams?"

She could have cried with disappointment. "Yes."

Then her mother's voice came over the wire. "Is that you, darling?"

"Yes, mother. Hello."

"Are you all right, dear?"

"Of course."

"Well, I haven't had a letter from you all week and we're going to the lake tomorrow for a few days and I wanted to make sure."

"I'm sorry about not writing, but you're not to worry."

"I do worry. Every time I think of you in that dreadful place . . ."

"It's sound as the rock of Gibraltar, darling."

"Well, it's in a dreadful" + *Continued on page 46*

What Love Should Be



Illustrated by Bill Book

When she was



in his arms, nothing else mattered . . . even though he told her—
“You’d make the worst doctor’s wife in the world!”

When do we Start

by Margaret E. Barnard

THE minute the bell boy closed the door behind him Lorraine skinned her pert little hat clear across the room, to land on the pale green quilted bedspread. Pete jammed his hands in his pockets and teetered up and down on his toes.

"Some dump, eh?" he grinned. "Not much like the little two-by-four we had the last time we came down to Balsam Point."

"It's super."

Lorraine darted here and there admiring the hooked rugs, the blond wood furniture, the aquatints on the walls. Last of all she ran to the window and peered through the slats of the venetian blind.

"What's out there?" asked Pete.

"Looks like a courtyard," said Lorraine. She turned back into the room and unlocked her bags. "This is the life," she said.

"Rags to riches," said Pete. "Which hooks do you want?"

"The ones in the left half. Sunnybeach Cottage to Tidewater Hotel within three years."

"Don't forget the subsidy put up by the Octopus," reminded Pete.

"What would Mr. Bidgood say if he knew you called him that!" Lorraine reproved.

"He'd just laugh it off," said Pete confidently. "I'm his white-haired boy. That last job I put across

for the old firm has all his rivals running around in a tizzy."

Lorraine looked up from a slithering satin robe.

"You're wonderful, Pete. You really are."

A rolled-up pair of socks thrown at her was his only reply. She hummed as she finished packing and changed to a sky-blue linen that Pete liked. When they were married, a bit over three years ago, he had been scrambling along not too badly, freelancing, ready to tackle anything in his line—sales promotion, advertising copy, things like that. One or two projects went especially well. First thing they knew J. S. Bidgood was on Pete's trail with a tempting offer.

"Think how long I'd have to go on my own before I'd make what he's giving me to begin with," Pete had said.

Lorraine had agreed, and here they were at the Tidewater, where Mr. Bidgood made up the difference over what they could afford to pay, because he considered a lesser place would be beneath the dignity of his personal staff.

"I wonder," said Lorraine suddenly, "if they still go. Jeff and Carol, I mean. To Sunnybeach. We had fun there, didn't we? That good swimming, and lazing on the sand, and those big driftwood fires—"

"We'll have fun here, too. Doug and Sybil know the ropes, and of course the chief will be on hand. They say he spends as much time at his suite here as he does at his big place out on the shore."

When they went down they found Doug and Sybil on the wide veranda facing the swimming pool. A few late afternoon stragglers were splashing about or lying lazily along the edge.

"Welcome to our rustic lodge," Sybil greeted them.

No shoulder-length bob for her. Smooth and beyond criticism her hair swept up to blend with a formal swirl above her forehead.

"We'd have been at the station to meet you," said Doug, rising, "only the old man—"

"Nuff said," smiled Pete.

He was looking around eagerly, sniffing the good salt air. The veranda was wide and pleasant, but the shore was not visible from this side of the hotel. Lorraine was as impatient as he for a preliminary exploration. They intended to pick out a secluded spot for their hours of lounging in the sun, and survey the most likely rocks from which to take that first shuddering plunge into the notoriously cold waters of the lower St. Lawrence. With vivid anticipation Lorraine remembered the madness that came upon you, sending you out again and again, where the water was colder still, and so clear that it was difficult to realize there was any element but air between you and the rocks beneath. And that indescribable exhilaration when you came out—

Doug's voice recalled her.

"Here comes J. S."

EVERYBODY ELSE, as they did, watched Mr. Bidgood's progress through the glass doors of the lounge and along the veranda toward them. He was so handsome, thought Lorraine, with the dignity of his walk and shock of grey hair, that you could forgive him for being aware of it.

"Well, well, my boy, so you got here in good order, eh?" he said to Pete. He stretched a hand to Lorraine,



Living?

then turned back to Pete. "When you've shaken down a bit I'd like to see you."

After a minute he left, and Doug said, "He's bitten with the idea of hooking the Barbour account from Hopkins. If you and I can work out a good scheme, Pete, he'll be ready to order a slice of the moon for us."

"Business on the brain," yawned Sybil as their voices meshed in a bumbling blur. "Anybody having a cocktail before dinner?"

"I'd rather stay out here," said Lorraine.

"See you in the dining room," shrugged Sybil.

Doug and Pete didn't know she had gone. They didn't even know Lorraine hadn't gone.

♦ *Continued on next page*

"A few more days of this," murmured Pete, stretching luxuriously, "and I'd be a new man."

Illustrated by

Rex Woods

In the dining room their table was right in front of a window overlooking the sea. Sybil offered Lorraine the chair facing it.

"I hate having to stare at all that nothingness," she said. "Look, Doug, aren't those the Munroes over there?"

She pointed them, and others whom Lorraine couldn't see, out to Lorraine and Pete, with a brief catalogue of their social standing and relative importance. Over coffee Doug said, "Well, Pete, we'd better make tracks. The old man will be getting impatient. He always has dinner up in his own quarters."

Pete touched Lorraine lightly on the shoulder as he got up.

"We'll go for a turn on the beach when I get back," he promised.

She watched him go, proud of the way he strode across the room, as if every step were opening up some new and exciting venture.

"Can you tone it down a bit?"

Sybil's voice startled her.

"What do you mean?"

"The adoration," Sybil squeezed her cigarette out with finality. "A bit middle class, don't you think? Well, let's go out."

Slightly nettled, Lorraine made no comment. And out, it seemed, meant not on the veranda, still less on the shore, but the lounge, where Sybil gathered in suggestions for a table of contract.

"I know it's stuffy," she said in an aside to Lorraine, "but these are influential people. At least their husbands are. They're rather stupid themselves. I only do it for Doug's sake."

If Sybil could do it, so could she, Lorraine decided. She only had to hold out until Pete came down. They settled down with two sharp-eyed women who seemed to be able to see right through the cards. Lorraine fumbled. She played a king when a jack would have done, simply because she kept thinking how the light outside was paling and the lamps inside becoming brighter. The game was long over, and she and her partner, to her partner's resentment, had lost to the other two before Pete and Doug at last appeared.

"Sorry, puss," said Pete.

"Okay," she said bravely. "We can start bright and early tomorrow morning."

A look flashed between Sybil and Doug which she understood better when they met at breakfast. There were two envelopes on the table, one at Doug's place, one at Pete's.

"Oh-oh," grimaced Doug. "That's what comes of having too many bright ideas, Pete."

Pete opened his and read it.

"I guess yours is the same," he said.

Doug nodded, quoting: "Car will pick you up at 10. Be prepared to stay the day. Have arranged for lunch at the clubhouse."

"That's not for us girls," Sybil explained. "Golf down here is just oil on the wheels of big business."

Pete was apologetic.

"Tough luck, sweetheart," he said, when they went up to collect his golf things. "I'll make it up to you. Look"—he pinched her chin between thumb and forefinger—"suppose you skirmish around today and hunt up all the good spots. Then we can make a beeline for them when the time comes."

SYBIL WASN'T interested in scrambling around on the shore, she said, as Lorraine started off. And as far as swimming was concerned, why make yourself all goose-pimply when there was a heated pool within arm's length of a comfortable air-cushioned chair on the hotel lawn? So Lorraine left her to improve her acquaintance with the wives of influential men, while she made her way to a point that stretched away to the right of the Tidewater's seawall. She scrambled over driftwood and tumbled rock and waded through hot sand, exulting in the pungency of the breeze and the far leaping spray on a reef offshore. On the tip of the point there was a hollow carpeted with wiry grass and springy heath, where Pete could stretch full length and be bone lazy. On the

other side of the point was a bay with a low, spruce-capped islet in the middle of it. Some day, she promised herself, and Pete in absentia, they would hire a dory and go over there on an expedition.

That day seemed farther and farther off as morning after morning found Pete and Doug summoned to a day of business on the golf links.

"What do you do up there, anyway?" Lorraine asked one day.

"Oh, walk around hitting our golf balls in turns, skirmish with some of the old man's rivals or prospects, pick one another's brains—that sort of things."

"Pick your brains, you mean," returned Lorraine.

"That's what I'm paid for," Pete grinned.

Even Sunday wasn't greatly different. Lorraine made a tentative suggestion about church. She remembered one when they were here before, where the smell of the sea and spruces drifted through open windows and the cries of seagulls mingled with the responses. But Pete said he had spent so many days away from the hotel that he didn't want to budge, and Lorraine spent the day right where she had spent so many already, on the veranda, on the lawn beside the swimming pool, in the swimming pool.

"A few more days of this," murmured Pete, stretching himself luxuriously on the warm cement rim, "and I'd be a new man."

Lorraine, face down beside him, pillow her head on her arms and asked, "Isn't Mr. Bidgood going to let you have any time off at all?"

"Sure, Tuesday."

Lorraine sat up eagerly.

"Oh, good. What shall we do?"

"S'all settled," said Pete drowsily. "Going t'his place—tea." His eyelids drooped.

He was too sleepy to sense her disappointment. Well, anyway it would be a change from the group Sybil cultivated, with their endless talk about how much the so-and-so's were spending on their new property, or who was going to break up and why, and what they overheard at the hairdresser's. There were other kinds of people at the Tidewater, younger people, whom Lorraine would have liked to know, but they had their own crowds and activities. So, when she and Pete were finally together in the back seat of Doug's car on Tuesday afternoon, she felt more light-hearted than she had for a long time. This time next year she and Pete would have a car of their own and be able to go wherever they wanted to. Lorraine wished Doug wouldn't drive quite so fast. She liked to see everything. Doug and Sybil never saw anything. To them a car was a means of getting from one given point to another as fast as possible. They didn't see now, although they were looking at it, a salmon weir standing above the muddy bottom of a cove like a dilapidated fence. At high tide the water would come right up to the highway here, freshening the masses of kelp on the rocks from rust to olive-green again.

"Oh, look, Pete!" cried Lorraine suddenly when they were about three miles from the fashionable area of Balsam Point. "There's Sunnybeach!"

A low white house right on the shore flashed into sight and was gone. Lorraine craned her neck after it.

"I thought that looked like Carol and Jeff out on the rocks," she said.

Sybil turned her head.

"Who are they? Anybody I ought to know?"

"Some old friends of ours," said Pete.

"Remember the Barnes, Syb?" said Doug.

"Forget them." Sybil's nose wrinkled ever so slightly. "A couple we used to run around with," she explained. "When Doug began to go places we just had to chuck them. No ambition, you know. Just as soon live in some poky little street and go to some poky little place for a holiday as not."

The car lurched around a curve, throwing Lorraine against Pete's + *Continued on page 30*

It's a Dream

WHAT will television mean to the woman in the home?

Chatelaine, eager to find out, sent this reporter to New York where she saw her first television.

The immediate conclusions were alarming. Under the influence of television woman seemed fated to become a creature with strained red-rimmed eyes, thick glasses and a hip measurement of at least 56. She would know who was running for President, who won the World Series and how to do a half Nelson. She would spend her days sitting, eyes glued to the screen, in the midst of unwashed dishes, unmade beds and unlaundered clothes. She would, like everyone who has seen it, be able to think and talk nothing but television.

For although there are 21 operating television stations, 275,000 television receiving sets in the U. S. A., television is even yet very primitive. It's still at the stage where most of those who have sets can neither get it nor leave it alone. It comes through most times looking like a snapshot taken on an old box camera operated by a child of six. To see anything at all you have to sit close up, your eyes fixed on a 6½-in. x 8-in. screen, the smallest, watching a panorama of dim shadows sometimes unaccountably shot through by streaks of light.

Then why bother? Anyone who's old enough to



"While he's slaving over a hot desk all day, she takes a golf lesson, watches a ball game or sees a world conference..."

remember the cat's whisker, headphone days of radio will know the answer. You sat for half an hour getting your ears almost blasted off, but you were rewarded by that ecstatic moment when the call letters came through and the miracle had been achieved—you'd heard a voice from 100 miles away. Television is like that. Out of an hour of dim shadows you may suddenly find yourself watching Toscanini conduct Beethoven's Ninth. You'll be seeing the early struggles of something which will be at its least the world's greatest medium of education, information and entertainment—which may go as far as the enthusiasts claim, and change our whole way of life.

It's a Nightmare It's TELEVISION

**Radio is frightened of it!
Hollywood's scared stiff!**

And if what they say about "video" ever comes true, family life is in for the biggest shake-up since autos were invented and electricity hit the home

by **Thelma Le Cocq**

For the latest rumor is that television is going to bring the family back home and keep it there. It's going to be hard on the living-room rug, but what's it going to do to mother? Father will have his baseball, hockey and political meetings right by his favorite chair. The Bobby Sockers will have Frank Sinatra, lean as life, in their own rumpus room. The babies will have their picture stories and cartoons. Instead of complaining, "Can't you ever stay home an evening?" mother's going to change her tune to, "Don't young people ever GO anywhere any more?" And then she'll head for the kitchen and slice a loaf of sandwiches for the party.

Already hostesses are finding television an easy way of entertaining. With television there's no trick to inviting a dozen guests to a concert, a play or a movie. There's no need to worry that the Smiths and the Browns will get into a political argument, or that old Mrs. Grumpit will begin talking about her operation. Even when the set doesn't work, everyone can agree by being bitter about the kind of service one gets nowadays.

The big complaint about television from the comparatively few women who have it in their homes today is that you can't cook the dinner and watch a telecast—neither can you wash nor iron nor do the upstairs rooms. In fact all a gal can do, and that's only if she's smart, is knit—and it couldn't be anything so intricate as diamond-patterned socks. What then will happen to the home? If the television dreams come true, the home should turn into one of those efficient, well-run concerns that the men have always thought it should be. Television will show the housewife what to do, when and how to do it . . . and give her 20 minutes and 15 seconds to carry out the instructions and be back at the screen.

Armchair window shopping

WITH TELEVISION to keep her company and whip up her enthusiasm a woman should have no difficulty doing the things she's always meant to do. She'll start the day doing her bends and stretches along with a slim and inspirational beauty on the screen, which will be more fun than doing them alone. At breakfast she can see the news, take a look at her husband, too, if she wants to, as he'll no longer be hidden behind the morning paper. Then her routine will begin. She can settle the children down to a puppet show which will keep them happy as lambs while she skids through the housework. That done in record time, she can sit down herself and do her window shopping. The day's markets will come to her on the screen and she'll decide



"... don't young people ever GO anywhere any more?"

that the veal chops look and are reasonable today, green beans are fresh and at the peak, peaches are in and will be a treat. Then she'll look at the early fall styles, decide to have that sheer black at \$19.95 sent up, wonder how that black satin hat which looked so ravishing on the blonde would be on her—think she might as well have that too.

By then it must be about noon. She'll tear herself away to prepare lunch for herself and the children, to bathe and dress for the afternoon. After that will she hire a sitter and go out? Not at all. What's there to go out for? At home she can see a baseball game, horse races, a fashion show, her favorite soap-opera characters agonizing in the flesh—almost anything she likes. She may learn how to make a dress, how to cook a soufflé, take in a matinee, or, if she's lucky, follow the fire reels across town for a little excitement. Again she'll have to tear herself away to get dinner, to put the children to bed—but no storytelling for her, television has taken care of that bedtime chore. Then in the evening she can battle with her husband as to whether they'll see a wrestling match or a play, hear

a campaign speech or a concert. Instead of waiting for her husband to come home to tell her what's going on in the world, she'll be able to tell him. While he's been slaving all day over a hot desk, she's been to the ball game or taken a golf lesson or attended a conference on world affairs.

All a dream? The television enthusiasts say not, and they're out to see who can open the most stations, spend the most money, offer the greatest variety on the television screen. Such small items as technical imperfections and hazards don't worry them at all—these will be smoothed out in time. Meanwhile they're busy creating for television. It's a new art and needs a new vocabulary. It's television, it's video. In its eyes people are either videotogenic or else they're not. In its ears sound is either by lip-sync or off-screen commentary. If you say "broadcasting," the televisionists look pained and correct you . . . it's "telecasting."

Crooners look too silly

AMONG THE big executives of both radio and movies, there's plenty of big talk about television. They're in much the position of the railways and the trucking companies who realize the airplane has come to stay and they'd better have a few on hand. What bothers them is how far television may supplant them, which way should they move and how much is it going to cost. Paramount takes the stand that there's nothing to fear, that people enjoy mass reactions to entertainment, like to laugh together, weep together. This movie company's plan to lure people out of their homes any and every night is to mix television with movies—to televise whatever attraction might keep an audience at home. Nevertheless Paramount is making sure by lining up with DuMont Television Network, staking its claim to the limit for television channels. From the radio end, NBC is betting on the future of television with a new studio that measures 48 x 87 feet, uses up 52 tons of refrigeration and enough light, heat, power and air conditioning to supply a village of 100 average-sized homes. NBC to date has lost a million and a half on television, forecasts with some pride that by 1950 the loss will be five million. Some of the + Continued on page 60



"... may spend her day sitting, eyes glued to the screen, in the midst of unwashed dishes, unmade beds and unlaundered clothes . . ."

Object



Sketches by Stanley Smith.

TIME for another vacation. And the fun you're going to have depends on you . . . on your appearance and your personality. When you're in a carefree holiday mood, with time on your hands, you just might meet *the man* . . . for a summer romance. Or perhaps even for a lifetime. Of course, if you're ravishingly beautiful . . . if you positively have to fight off admirers, then holiday fun presents no problem for you.

But if you're an average-looking gal-on-a-budget, a little on the shy side, if you've been watching time slipping by for the past few years and feel a bit droopy-mouthed, then now is the hour to size up the situation.

First step is pretty obvious. It's calculated, but has proved highly successful by more girls than will dream of admitting it. Here it is. You want to meet men—*all right, go, then, where there are men*. But don't look as though you were on the prowl. There's a nice refined distinction.

We hope you've chosen a summer place inexpensive enough to leave a surplus for a few glamour togs. You'll need them even if they give you a guilty extravagant feeling . . . because they're also bound to give you an exquisite, reckless lift.

Matrimony



Could be! Many a summer romance has a happy-ever-after ending. Chatelaine's fashion and beauty editors pool their ideas on clothes and good looks . . . on making the most of YOU if the right man comes along!

by EVELYN KELLY Fashion Editor and ADELE WHITE Health and Beauty Editor

Better not splurge on just one glamourous outfit—an evening dress or a beach ensemble. What good if you haven't enough casual appealing pretties to see you through other angles of holiday living? And speaking of appealing pretties—did we hear you say you were looking for color in your life? Then start with good color in your wardrobe.

IF YOU don't know your best colors, use this yardstick. Find a daylight mirror in a yard-goods department, get an obliging soul to help you with bolts of fabric (not necessarily expensive ones). Look for some of the plain cottons and rayons that come, this season in such heavenly hues). Drape the fabrics around you . . . and when you find the shade that adds sparkle to your eyes, gives you a glow, buy a yard of it and make it into a kerchief.

Carry this kerchief along with you if you're choosing a new swimsuit . . . play clothes . . . shoes . . . whatever you're buying for your vacation togs. You'll probably end up with a ravishing color harmony.

Don't let a swim suit be a serious mistake. No matter how attractive the style looks on a fashion model—remember it's you who will be modeling it. Try it on with two mirrors, one for the front view and one for the rear. If yours is the form divine, there's no need for suggestions. But a thickish midriff needs slimming lines; a too-prominent bone structure cries out for kind coverage—and there's no honor system that compels you to tell the world about your figure faults—it's much smarter to camouflage.

The fad for deep bronze tan has gone with the winds of yesterday. This year the extremists in the New Look movement are keeping lily-pale right through the summer by making judicious use of large shady hats . . . and flirting prettily with parasols. But if you just can't sacrifice that delicious warmth of lying under the beams of old man Sol, why not strike a happy medium? Tan to a light beige, coffee-with-cream shade. If you haven't had a chance to do an all-over tanning job before you leave on your vacation, if you've been on the job, all summer long, you can make use of suntan lotions which will not only protect you from sunburn but will give your skin a synthetic brownish tone, so you'll blend right in with those lucky girls who've had nothing to do but lie on the beach. Here comes the warning we sound each year. Take it easy when you sun bathe—not more than five minutes back and front for the first few days—otherwise you may end up looking and feeling like a burnt offering.

Now . . . lean closer while we whisper about deodorants. Use your favorite brand of cream deodorant both night and morning so you'll be flower fresh even after a keen set of tennis in the midday sun. And, of course, you'll use fragrant colognes as a body rub after bathing.

If you're going to be beauty wise, you'll save fancier make-up tricks, particularly eye-shadow and mascara, for soft evening lights, and use only powder foundation, powder and a clear red lipstick when you're on the beach. No doubt you've noticed how eye make-up can be glamourous at night but just plain messy in the full glare of day. Also when you're lying on the beach, wear your kerchief

to prevent your hair drying out from an overdose of sun.

Because the accent's on glamour, you'll be prepared with one or two summer frocks that will take to moonlight and dancing as smoothly as your swim suit takes to water. Note the two photographed here . . . both cottons. The flowered number is of fine-ribbed, good quality cotton, with a full full skirt. The sleeveless one you can make yourself in a few minutes flat—at the last moment. It requires two Guatemalan motif luncheon sets—no fooling, that's what we mean! Two serviettes make the bodice which you shape to your own specifications, with the hem edge up to make bodice finish. The trimmed-off parts go into the straps. The tablecloths are gathered into a dirndl skirt, and a demure little hood for windy nights.

If you can't afford two coats—and you don't want to wear that versatile little shortie every place—how about knitting for yourself a circular cape made of heavy coarse cotton (the candlewick or rug kind) and knitted on very thick wooden needles? Two evenings would see it finished; it counts up like crazy. Edge with thick dressing-gown cord.

SO NOW that you're launching forth on the big adventure of the year you'll concentrate on the last but most important essential. It's the art of being popular.

Cultivate at least one hobby—tennis, golf, swimming. Perhaps you think a good smashing tennis drive will make you seem unfeminine. Don't believe it. It's the variety of your interests that makes you an attractive girl, that is unless you're looking for a man with a one-track mind. Also don't hesitate to read up on a few current events just so's you'll have a good supply of conversational fodder.

Beware of mannerisms and poses. Be YOU. It's not nearly so much strain—and if you try playing a part you're apt to revert to type at the wrong moment. It's the gay friendly *natural* girl who gets her man . . . and is a joy forever. And another word about man-lore. Don't be in too great a hurry to grab at the first available guy who tells you you're his dreamboat type. Take time to look around. Also don't waste tears on that tall, dark and handsome who's always surrounded by wide-eyed innocents—who looks like Apollo doing a high dive—he's probably awfully wrapped up in his own charm, and his conversation may be a nice assortment of clichés. On the other hand, what about that quiet lad with the nice smile—the one behind the horn-rimmed specs? He may not be the centre of attraction, but chances are he'll make you feel that you are—if you give him a chance. And if you don't think that's important, go stand in a corner for giving the wrong answer. But naturally, you're a wise girl—and very much in the know! *



Color . . . cool, crisp and washable. Left, a Wabasso Cotton flower print of watermelon pink and green spiced with navy, on white ground. Right, Guatemalan luncheon sets, motifs in peasant tones against navy, are contrived into a gay frock for summer . . . night or day.



The Terrible Secret

by Naomi John White

MILLIE was an excellent housekeeper. She loved all the little chores connected with housekeeping, like dusting the ledges, and polishing the silver and cleaning the woodwork, that most women despise.

And at first Joe was delighted with Millie's industriousness. He couldn't brag enough about it. "Got the sweetest, neatest little house in town," he said the men down at the hardware shop. "And the sweetest and neatest little woman in town." Joe always referred to women as "little women." Even his mother-in-law he called a "little woman."

Mrs. Bales, Millie's mother, was a large, eagle-eyed woman with a habit of tightening her lips over her fine teeth that gave her a grim, Amazonian look, and the last time Joe had seen her—the night that he had walked Millie home from the dance at the bridge—he had been downright scared of her. But Millie had been so sweet, so little and pink and white and innocent-looking, like a wild rose blooming on a hillside, Joe had thought—that he would have gone back to see her had Mrs. Bales been an unleashed Bengal tiger.

After the first six months of marriage Mrs. Bales moved in with Joe and Millie. It was, she told Joe, the only sensible thing to do. Now that Mr. Bales—she always referred to her husband as Mr. Bales—had passed away, and Millie had married from the very

she said it, you got the impression that Millie had "passed away" too—and Joe and Millie had the extra bed, the down in the living room that opened up into a bed, why it was only sensible that they should all live together.

Joe had been a little bewildered, and never quite sure how it had actually come about—Mrs. Bales' moving in with them. Millie had had her mother over for supper one night, and the talk had got around to Mr. Bales and what a fine man he had been, and Millie and what a wonderful girl she was, and the nice little house, and the extra bed, and the long string Joe knew he was carrying Mrs. Bales' bags and boxes over to the house.

But it was true, just like—as Joe told the fellows down at the hardware shop—"Mrs. Bales—that's my mother-in-law, you know, Millie's mother—she's a fine little woman, and it makes company for Millie during the day. While I'm at work."

It was, Joe discovered, made company for Millie at breakfast, lunch and supper—for when he came home. Millie no longer rushed to the door with her arms open and her pretty little pink mouth all puffed up for a kiss. Likely as not, nobody came to the door at all—and it was nearly always locked, for Mrs. Bales was a distrustful woman who wouldn't put it out publicly, including the postman and the paper boy and the

milkman, to come right on into the house and help themselves to whatever articles were handy. So Joe had got into the habit of getting his key out as he started up the front walk so he could unlock the door.

And then three times he came home and found the front screen door latched, too. The girls had gone out the back door, taking the only two keys to it with them. The first two times this happened Joe had waited patiently, sitting on the front porch steps until Millie and her mother had come home from a matinee—they were very fond of Spencer Tracy in the movies and they never missed one of his pictures, frequently staying through a double feature into the second showing.

But the third time it happened Joe got tired sitting out on the porch—it was early October and a little chilly, and he had ticked a customer that day, an important customer, and lost not only a tip but a punch as well—and so he had got a stick and poked a hole in the screen door.

He had gone in then and made himself some coffee and felt fine and relaxed by the time the girls got home.

He was genuinely surprised when they jumped onto him.

"Did you punch that big hole in the front screen door?" Mrs. Bales wore bright-colored print dresses that always fitted her a little too closely, and when



"What's this!" Mrs. Bales demanded. "What's this hole doing in the paper?" She repeated the question and stared at Joe. He could see her from the corner of his eye.

she was angry a vein stood out, purple and swollen, on her forehead. She stood in front of Joe now, and since she was a big woman standing, and Joe was a thin little fellow—he had got his weight up a little the first six months of marriage, but had lost the five pounds right away again—and was sitting slumped in the easy chair, he immediately felt cornered and a little shy.

He looked around for Millie, but Millie had already gone back into the bedroom to take off her hat.

"I didn't know what time you were coming back," he said now to Mrs. Bales. "I was tired."

"I don't know why you couldn't have waited another few minutes," Mrs. Bales said. "Making a hole in the screen door like that! I won't rest a minute until you get it patched—why, anybody could just come right in! And I've told you a dozen times if I've told you once, to have another back door key made."

"I'll fix the door," said Joe. He dropped his eyes, for somehow Mrs. Bales always made him feel inferior. As if he had somehow taken advantage of Millie in marrying her—as if he should have known he wasn't worthy of her, and shouldn't even have asked her.

"Well, see that you do," said Mrs. Bales crossly, and she began moving off to the bedroom herself—she had got so that she kept her clothes in there with Millie, too, and Joe put his suits in the living room closet.

Joe tried then to read the paper while the women got supper. But somehow he couldn't fasten his

attention on it. It seemed to him that everything in the world had gone wrong—first at breakfast he had spilled the cream, and Millie had complained that it would stain the tablecloth if she didn't take it off right then. And so, feeling guilty that he had caused so much trouble, Joe had stood by, holding his plate and coffee cup, while Millie and her mother had taken off the cloth and put on a fresh one. And then there was the customer—Mr. E. D. Thompson—whom he had nicked on the jaw. Mr. Thompson was an important man and hard to please, particularly about the jawline, but he always gave generous tips. And now, of course, in all likelihood he would never come back to Joe again.

And then at lunch—he had eaten downtown at the cafe today because the girls wanted to shop and go to this matinee with Spencer Tracy—he had been late and had to take an order of sauerkraut and wieners instead of the usual pot roast that he liked. Sauerkraut didn't particularly agree with him. And now—the screen door.

It had been, on the whole, Joe felt, a very dismal day, and sitting there with the paper in his hand and smelling the cabbage cooking (he had never liked cabbage since childhood) he felt that it was, on the whole, a very dismal life.

But of course it would probably never have occurred to him to do anything about it, at least anything radical. It was just the merest chance that Charley

Peterson came along at that moment. Or perhaps it wasn't chance, either, for Charley Peterson had learned by assiduous study in his 37 years of living, just exactly who in town could be touched for a loan. Like a conscientious student who checks off one experiment after another in his search for the truth, Charley had worked down through the more prominent and affluent easy marks in town, until he had arrived at last to the less profitable ones like Joe Matthews. There were few fellows left in town after Joe, and Charley was beginning to feel a little sad about the inexorable rules of human nature. It was beginning to look that maybe after another year or so he might have to move on to greener fields than Springdale—and Springdale was such a nice little town.

But in the meantime, of course, Joe was still good. He had been approached only twice, so far, both times carefully for very small amounts (a few haircuts on the cuff and a couple of meals) and finally now Charley had decided that the time was ripe for the final and exhaustive deal. At the moment Charley needed \$50. He needed it for a little deal he had consummated somewhat too quickly with a cop on the east side of town. Charley felt now, regretfully, that he could have got the cop down to \$30 for generously looking the other way during a small stroll, but at the time he had been a little nervous and a little hurried, the cop was a new one in town and + *Continued on page 22*

*Where in the world had he been...what did the law want with him?
Millie and her mother demanded an answer...but
Joe Matthews knew enough to keep his mouth shut*

She Knows Where She's *Not* Going

by Lotta Dempsey

THEY TALK about her—the critics in New York and London, in Hollywood and Denham—as one of the really great younger women of the theatre and films. One who has risen to full stature among the thinning ranks of the so-few peerless—Hayes, Cornell, Thorndike, Judith Anderson, Garbo . . .

The box office, in the United States as well as Canada and Britain, paid its telling tribute to her fine work as star of the Eagle-Lion film, "I Know Where I'm Going." Broadway coupled her recent performance on its legitimate stage (in "The Heiress") with that of her British compatriot, Jessica Tandy, (in "A Streetcar Named Desire") as two of the most important pieces of dramatic acting of the decade. The critical and selective theatrical writers summed up her portrayal of embittered disillusionment in that piece in a single word—Magnificent.

So a few weeks ago, at the height of her success, with New York at her feet and Hollywood dinning in her ears, Wendy Hiller packed her make-up kit in her dressing room on Manhattan's 47th Street, and went back home to her English garden to grow spinach for the children. Worried, too. About how late she would be, getting in the vegetables.

SOUNDS LIKE a press agent's story—except that no press agent would write anything so silly. And for Wendy Hiller, the screen star and London and Broadway stage luminary, it would be completely inexplicable behavior.

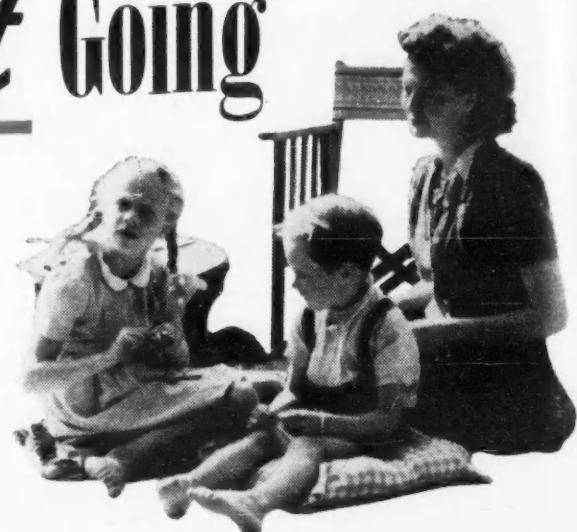
But for Mrs. Walter Gow, wife of the distinguished British playwright, mother of Ann and Anthony, and housewife (who would probably designate herself as

"part-time professional worker"), it is the most logical action in the world.

For Wendy Hiller is no single-track personality shooting to fame and fortune with whatever impedimenta she may have acquired en route, trailing along behind. She is—and this would seem so natural to her that she would never dream of putting it into words—one unit in the oldest and most co-operative organization in the world. A family. A setup in which each member has varied interests and intents, according to age, sex and talent. But in which the highest good and happiness of each member depends upon the contribution each makes to the general welfare of the group.

So it was perfectly natural for them all to come to New York last year from their home outside London—the family following Miss Hiller as soon as "The Heiress" was an established success. It was a good year for a family safari. Mr. Gow was able to take his turn at temporarily leaving his interests (as his wife has done on previous occasions for him); a good day school was found for Ann, nine, and Anthony, four; and the family was able to move into a convenient East 54th Street apartment, with a nanny installed. Everyone could have a go at enjoying the sights, sounds, smells and good food of the North American metropolis.

But now—a year later—it was summer. School was out. Mr. Gow needed to get back to Britain. The garden was waiting, and the housecleaning hadn't been done. What more logical than for Miss Hiller to pack up her glowing press notices in the middle of a sell-out New York run, hand her starring role over to another actress, and get back to housekeeping? So the



family bade a polite good-by to mystified American producers and went home.

Like the time Hollywood sent out one of those completely irresistible offers to the young English actress who had suddenly flared across its skyline with her stellar performance in the film of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Miss Hiller couldn't understand why they were so unbelieving of her simple explanation that the family didn't find it convenient to uproot itself just at that time to go to California. It would have been too upsetting to take them all so far for a project for one member of the group. But thank you just the same and perhaps some other time . . .

♦ *Continued on page 18*

Wendy Hiller, brilliant young star of "I Know Where I'm Going" and "The Heiress," with four-year-old Anthony and nine-year-old Ann. As Mrs. Walter Gow, wife of the playwright, she puts family first — acting second.



A MIXED SALAD LUNCH

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
 Mixed Salad (illustrated) Crisp Rolls
 Chilled Melon Ring with Ice Cream
 Iced Tea with Mint

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Think of it! Extra-heavy whipping cream, fresh hot-house mushrooms, picked at their flavor peak, plenty of tender pieces for every spoon!

A VEGETABLE SALAD SUPPER

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
 Fresh Vegetable Salad Deviled Eggs Popovers
 Open Face Plum Pie Iced Coffee

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup has a stock made with plenty of chicken—slow-simmered and rich, and filled with golden egg noodles. Lots of tempting pieces of chicken, too!

A CHICKEN SALAD SUPPER

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
 Chicken Salad Potato Chips
 Cucumber Fingers Toasted Rolls
 Peach Shortcake Tea with Lemon

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is made with fifteen different garden vegetables, luscious and fine, their flavors mingled in an invigorating beef stock. A hearty, homey vegetable soup!

Soup 'n' Salad

MAKES A PERFECT SUMMER MEAL

It's a great combination! First, it's so tempting to midsummer appetites, for hot soup actually makes your cold dishes taste better. Then, too, with soup as your one hot dish you've a balanced and nourishing meal for "all hands". Last but not least, you spend less time in the kitchen and enjoy more hours out-of-doors, when you plan a soup 'n' salad lunch or supper. Choose one of the Campbell's Soups on this page, together with a menu. Chances are your family will agree that soup 'n' salad rates cheers and encores!

Campbell's SOUPS

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An exciting, teasing fragrance that invites adoring lips. That's your promise in the new, improved Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

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NEW OVAL SHAPE—fashioned to fit your hand—lathers quicker—lasts ever so much longer.

RICHER FRAGRANCE—a heavenly perfume—the lovelier way to avoid offending.



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE!

**She Knows Where She's
Not Going** *Continued from page 16*

Of course, Miss Hiller finds Hollywood somewhat inexplicable at times. There was that flood of offers for "flashy sort of things with bathing costume scenes" after she had appeared in *Pygmalion*, the action of which called for a thorough scrubbing up of the little Cockney flower girl at one point.

It occurs to you that an actress who has turned down something like 500 parts, and done only four pictures and less than a dozen plays in her theatrical life of 18 years does—to paraphrase her latest film—"know where she's going."

But husband Walter Gow shakes his head thoughtfully and suggests in his nice English way that "Actually, it's more, really, that she knows where she's *not* going."

For attractive Miss Hiller is an individual of very definite selective tendencies. There was the rich young man, for instance, Bernard Shaw suggested she marry. The actress without whom Shaw would not allow either "Pygmalion" or "Major Barbara" to be filmed unless she played the title roles, was having tea with the Irish playwright. She had brought her "young man"—Walter Gow, in whose play, "Love on the Dole", she had made a tremendous success both in London and New York. They told Mr. Shaw of the impending nuptials, and waited for his congratulations. He had known them both for some time and been a warm friend.

"Monstrous," was the bristling comment, "marrying a young man in the theatre. Let me warn you—never do anything professional together. It's fatal. Now, here's a better man than Gow," and he pointed to another, unhappy tea guest, an impeccable young Britisher of a well-known family. "He has more money than Gow. Marry him." But there was a twinkle in the sharp eyes—as there so often is—and the Shaw-Gow relationship has been a long and continuous one.

"We didn't remind him of his friends Beatrice and Sidney Webb, and their somewhat successful life and work together as leaders of the Fabian movement!" Walter Gow says smiling.

So Miss Hiller married Mr. Gow and they have continued to work together, frequently in professional collaboration always in understanding and as advisors to each other in their related fields. And as joint heads of a family, sharing the companionship and responsibility of their two children equally.

Except once. The playwright shakes his head sadly in recollection of the

occasion on which his wife decided to surprise him by signing up for the lead role in a film Mr. Gow had written, "The White Steed," and which was under way when war broke out.

"I would have advised her strongly against it—it wasn't a very good piece," he says. "From then on, she's let me in on her plans."

WHAT HAS made Wendy Hiller such a top-ranking actress . . . and such a discriminating one? What was it about this comparative newcomer to the highly skilled English dramatic field that moved the omniscient Shaw to demand her for his heroines? In the strange and often disrupting pattern that fashions a Success Story for the wife and mother who chooses the stage and screen as her "other" career, how have the Gows kept so strong a hold on the symbol—and substance—of life as a family?

It all sounds like a simple beginning. An English schoolgirl who was determined to act. The raised family eyebrows that subsided when it was discovered that Wendy settled quickly and happily into a hard-working and unglamorous job as a

apprenticed to the repertory theatre in her local Manchester—at 30 shillings a week. She was a general utility girl. The "general," she says, covered a wide sphere of activity, less than one per cent of which required her presence behind footlights or before an audience. She came to know a theatre so well, from the smallest property to the most vital stage direction, that today she has a practiced eye for detail in production that amazes stage hands, scenic designers and directors with whom she works. It was at about this time Walter Gow—a young Manchester schoolteacher who had become interested in plays and films through some

work with educational pictures—saw her in one of the repertory plays. As a maid. He didn't remember a single thing about her. And when he had finished his own play, "Love on the Dole," and a search was being made for the right actress for the difficult lead role, he never thought of her. But the director of the repertory company—a friend of his—considering the need for someone young enough, but dramatically seasoned enough, and with sufficient depth and ability to handle the part, did. They tracked her down at home on a holiday—beating rugs in the back garden. The author agreed. And for a year she played in his drama twice nightly, touring the Provinces. A regime of training in theatre, the British will tell you, for which there is no counterpart on this continent.

Then they took the play to London. It was here that she told Gow—still just

After the Rain

By PAULINE E. GERBER



When at last the rain was over
I found a forest in the clover.
There was a mountain in the sand
With little hills at either hand;
A rushing river, banks and all,
And here and there, a waterfall;
Some tributary creeks beside,
That joined the river. It grew wide
As wide and deeper all the way,
Until at last it reached the bay.
There was a jungle it went through
With jungle flowers, red and blue.
A hippopotamus came to drink.

Twas like a big bullfrog, I think,
For when it blinked its bulging eyes
It had that way of looking wise.
Just when I found the deepest sea
My mother called me in to tea.
She little knew I had been away
To the heart of Africa today!

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Beautiful, isn't it? Long, sweeping lines. A solid, substantial look. The new Meteor is the very picture of surging power—and of elegant grace, too. Only 63 inches from road to roof line.

A big roomy, comfortable car. Rear seat a full 5 feet wide. And an extra-large luggage compartment, too.



Riding in a Meteor is restful, vibrationless. Springs and shock absorbers tuned in perfect balance. Seats are slung like a hammock between front and rear wheels. Dual duct built-in ventilation system brings in fresh air as desired, prevents fogging of windshield and windows.



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Wear-Ever Aluminum Utensils

the young man who had written the play—that she must drop the role. It was too depressing—too nerve-shattering—giving herself to it as she had done twice nightly for a year.

For the second time the writer made an important contribution to her success as a dramatic actress.

"But you mustn't suffer this mental and spiritual torture you put yourself through," he said. "Now you are an established actress. You have lived the part. Build your technique to a point where you can give the appearance of living it, and keep your own self remote. Your audience will feel the tragedy at every performance—but you will remain apart."

And so Wendy Hiller learned—and went on with the role. New York wanted the play, with its star, and she went to Broadway. It was here in the New World—fresh to them both—that the actress and playwright whose professional destinies had become so entwined fell in love with each other!

And this was the first time Wendy Hiller left New York in the middle of a successful play, with Hollywood calling. She knew where she was NOT going—which was to continue in a long run just because it was successful, when she felt her own powers would suffer as a result.

"You come to a place where you are just walking through a part," she explained, her fine expressive eyes troubled. "And I wanted to learn so much about so many kinds of acting."

IT WAS a cable from Sir Barry Jackson inviting her, on behalf of Bernard Shaw, to play St. Joan in the Malvern Festival of Shaw plays in 1936 that took her back to London.

"What made you want Wendy for St. Joan—how did you know what kind of actress she was?" Gow once asked the irascible Shaw.

"By watching what she was able to do with your 'Love on the Dole,'" was the unperturbed reply.

Then Gabriel Pascal wanted to film Pygmalion—and it is theatrical history that Shaw agreed—provided Wendy Hiller was cast in the starring role. The volatile little producer looked up at Miss Hiller's five foot seven of almost angular slenderness and strongly characterized face.

"Ah," he said, thoughtfully. "You are very ugly. I think we can do something with you."

The "something" expanded Wendy Hiller's narrower theatrical fame to world-wide acclaim. And it was just as Pygmalion was finished—in fact, there was a race between retakes and the stork—that Ann was born.

And the tri-partite compact of the Gow family began to function.

Television (in which she has come through with flying colors), radio and theatrical work kept Miss Hiller busy in the off-moments she had to give to her dramatic work. She was extremely interested in the new member of the family, and for months at a time would disappear into the kitchen and the nursery—says her husband—to keep house. And do it masterfully, he boasts. Mute witness to her yearning for the

distaff side of life was the cozy clutter of pamphlets on modern kitchen planning, house decorating and home freezer and refrigerator units one observed on her make-up dressing table back stage in "The Heiress." In the attractive apartment, too, Mr. Gow was busy, on the eve of their departure.

Trying to sandwich a Chatelaine interview in with a telephone conversation to the British Embassy, to discover whether or not his wife could take back some new type wall paint under the strict customs and ration regulations.

"And if only," Miss Hiller herself sighed in her dressing room, as she slipped easily into the tight-waisted, sweeping-skirted gown of the 1850's she wears in the first act of her play . . . "if only I could pack up the Progressive school the children go to and take it back to England!"

Not only have Mr. and Mrs. Gow found ample time to supervise homework, and study thoroughly the curriculum and general educational program of their children's school; but there have been wonderful mother-daughter shopping excursions for Wendy and Ann; trips to the zoo, museums, parks, and rides on the underground and the elevated for Anthony Hiller.

"He loves the camels," Ann said, looking up with her mother's fine, serious eyes.

"Do you?" Anthony was asked.
"Yes," he said, solemnly and simply.
"Oh, yes!"

"Yes, thank you," prompted Ann in a hasty stage whisper. And Anthony made the amendment.

Will the Gows mind if they go on the stage?

For both children are frantically and happily play-acting, dressing up and turning out a wide variety of homemade duologues of one type and another these days.

"Of course not—if they want to," says their mother. "But I think it's an exceptionally hard and rather disrupting life—especially for a woman. Unless—and she came as close to being sentimental as the restrained, well-controlled Miss Hiller would be—"unless Ann is fortunate enough to get the kind of husband who would make it possible by co-operating completely, and offering endless patience and encouragement. The kind that calls for a very special sort of halo . . ."

And so the Gows have gone home—to the little Georgian village of Beaconsfield, 25 miles from London. And in spite of her love of home and family, it's a sure-fire bet Wendy Hiller will be on the stage again, before long.

She'd like to tour Canada and New Zealand, and she feels that to grow old in the theatre—as Dames May Whitty and Sybil Thorndike did—and yet to hold family associations a sure and compact force . . . this would be the good life for tomorrow.

"Everyone has to do something—and the more you give the happier you are," she says simply.

Which, as the critics might say, brings you right back to Wendy Hiller the actress.

Magnificent, that is. *

"You can have her, I don't want her"—
says English professor, Lou Skes about

"OUR CARBON COPY CO-EDS" in September Chatelaine

Sweet Summertime treat!



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JAM TARTS

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 egg
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	½ cup milk
1 tsp. salt	1 tbs. light corn syrup
4 tbs. shortening	Raspberry jam
	Cinnamon Sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or pastry blender. Beat egg; add milk and corn syrup; add to flour mixture, stirring only enough to make dough hold together. Knead on lightly



floured board $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick; cut with biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet; make deep impression in centre of each with thumb, pressing firmly. Drop raspberry jam in each hollowed-out centre. Brush biscuit dough with milk; sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Bake in hot oven, 425°F , 12-15 minutes. Serve immediately.

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SATIN-SMOOTH, creamy, overflowing with rich, delicious flavor — puddings like these would amply reward long and skilful cooking! But with Jell-O Puddings, even the hurried and inexpert get gorgeous results. Delicate Vanilla . . . deep-brown, rich-flavored Chocolate . . . Butterscotch and Caramel with their old-fashioned, buttery-brown goodness — those wonderful Jell-O Puddings are easy as wink to make! Serve them plain . . . or with cream or fruits . . . or delightfully, easily varied as suggested here and on the packages.

Happy Ending for any meal, are New Orleans Tarts. Dip pecans in melted butter, roll in brown sugar and cinnamon, add to cooled Jell-O Caramel or Butterscotch Pudding. Turn into baked tart shells; garnish.



Really Gorgeous, this Chocolate Charlotte. Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding as directed on the package. When cooled but not chilled, fold in 1/4 cup cream, whipped. Chill in glasses lined with light cake.



A Creamy, Flavorful Treat: Remove sections from 1 orange. Add juice and 3/4 tsp. grated orange rind to partially cooled Jell-O Vanilla Pudding. Turn into dessert bowl, arrange orange sections on top. M-m-m-m! — delicious!

Jell-O Puddings
"Like Grandma's—only more so"

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The Terrible Secret

Continued from page 15

not definitely tabulated yet, and Charley had agreed to \$50.

Joe, he felt, would be good for at least \$30. The other \$20 he would have to try to manage from several others on his list who were still in the primary small-change stage of development.

SO IT WAS that at this moment, the moment of the cabbage smells in Joe's nostrils and Mrs. Bales' wrathful words still lingering in his ears, that Charley approached him. Charley came politely to the front door and knocked. In keeping with his approved method of approach to men, Charley looked pathetically like a hobo—he needed a shave and a haircut and decidedly a newer and cleaner suit of clothes.

Joe was sitting just inside, still with the paper on his knee, and his chin bent reflectively and bitterness in his soul. He looked up without moving.

"Good evening," said Charley affably, and then added respectfully, "Mr. Matthews." Charley was a connoisseur of manners and knew to the finest point of delicacy exactly when to be deferential and when to put on the hearty hail-fellow-well-met approach. "Can I see you a moment?"

"Who's that?" Mrs. Bales came to the living-room door with a turning fork in her hand. She held it, arm akimbo, much as an Amazon might have held a short spear for stabbing, and for a moment Charley must have seen the resemblance, too, for he switched his gaze from the sorrowful, sunken figure of Joe in the overstuffed armchair to the erect bosomy figure of Mrs. Bales and her turning fork.

Charley, who was normally never at a loss for words, now merely stood and looked. Having a wisdom broader than usual of his kind, Charley had, during his 37 years, carefully avoided entanglements with females. It was not, as one might suppose, any past bitter experience that had given him this knowledge—rather it had come innately, along with breathing, that a man is more easily hoodwinked into sympathy than a woman.

"If you're begging," said Mrs. Bales sharply, "you can save yourself the trouble. We don't allow beggars around here."

Charley stared at her, and then he turned to look enquiringly at Joe. Joe smiled back wanly. He was too tired at the moment to do anything, although he felt a vague stirring of resentment. After all, he felt—or felt that he should feel—this was his home, and he should have whomever he pleased in the house. Perhaps Charley felt this in Joe, or perhaps Charley was just feeling contrary, or perhaps it was the stroke of genius that lay in his nature. Anyway,

he took off his hat politely and said in suave, dulcet tones, "I'm sorry to trouble you, madam, and I hope you won't be unduly alarmed, but I must see Mr. Matthews." He stared at her roundly, steadily. "Alone," he said.

"Well!" said Mrs. Bales. She opened and closed her mouth and came another step into the living room. Millie appeared behind her like a startled kitten peering behind the arched back of an angry cat. "Whatever you have to say," said Mrs. Bales now, firmly, "you can say! We don't have any time to bother with"—she hesitated a moment and tried to peer closer at Charley, standing beyond the screen door against the light—"with transients."

Charley drew himself up with dignity. "I'm sorry, madam," he said reproachfully, and not without a certain gentleness, "but this concerns—the law. And now, Mr. Matthews"—he turned to look at Joe—"if you don't mind stepping outside with me a moment, please."

Joe sat up and blinked his eyes. "But look here—" he said.

"Never mind, Mr. Matthews"—there was kindness, sympathy, but great firmness in Charley's voice—"I'll explain. Just get your hat and come with me."

"Millie!" said Joe. He stood up, startled, and looked at Millie's pink face and round eyes behind her mother's shoulders. Millie stared back at him.

Charley held open the screen door. "I'll let him return as soon as possible," he told Mrs. Bales.

With that he ushered—pulled would be almost the better word—Joe out the door. Once outside he took Joe's arm and guided him firmly, with quick even steps out to the edge of the walk and toward the park.

"Say—" said Joe, and he began to feel strangely atremble, "what's this all

about?" Innocent people, he knew, did sometimes become involved with the law, sometimes so hopelessly involved that they were even sentenced to prison for things they didn't do at all!

"Say, listen, Charley—Mr. Peterson"—Joe pulled back from Charley's grasp and moistened his dry lips—"what did I do?"

Charley gave a little backward glance and saw that they were safely out of sight of the house and he grinned a little and put his arm about the shoulders of his friend. Suddenly Charley felt very good; every once in a while he got this good feeling of complacency—of knowing that he would rather be having his own particular kind of difficulty with cops and insufficient funds than to be having other men's difficulties. Like Joe, for instance, with that pop-eyed wife and battle-axe of a mother-in-law.

"Never mind," he said soothingly. "We'll go over to the park and I'll explain."

Housing Dilemma

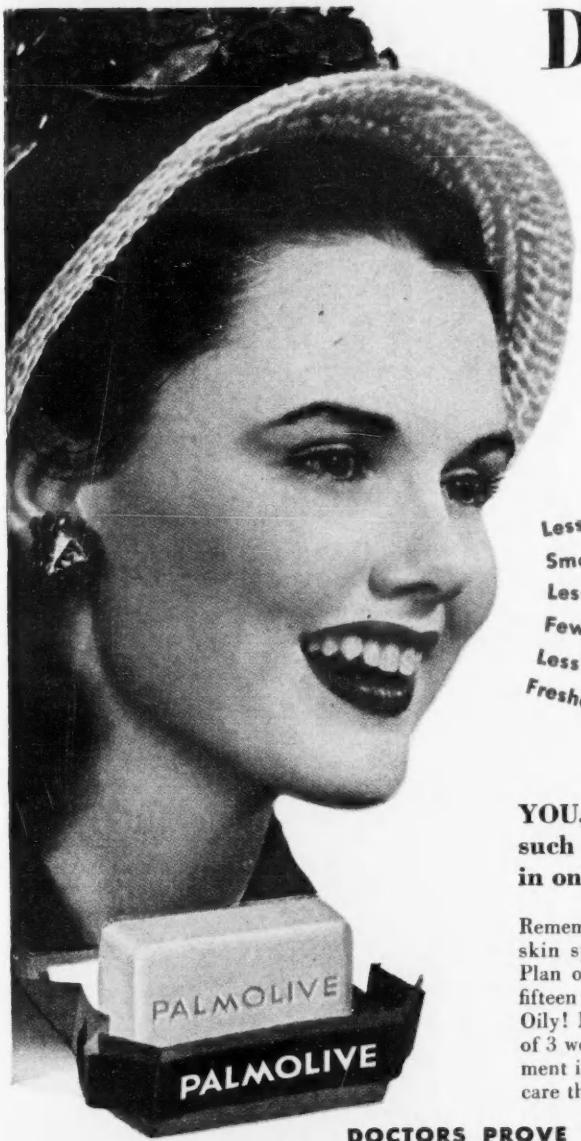
By HILDA FRIEDMAN



We've got the license.
We've got the rent.
Give us an igloo.
Give us a tent.
Yaks live in the zoo.
Goldfish in their bowl.
But we, being mortal,
Crave a keyhole.
Please give us a flat.
Log cabin or shack,
An attic or trailer
So we can unpack.

Doctors Prove the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



Less Oily
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Fresher... Brighter, Clearer Color

YOU, TOO, may look for
such skin improvements
in only 14 days!

Remember! Thirty-six doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 won noticeable complexion improvement in 14 days. No matter what beauty care they had used before.

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Enjoyed The World Over!

"Explain what?" said Joe nervously. "I haven't done anything, Charley, honestly. Not a thing."

"Of course not," said Charley. He began to feel a little impatient with his friend. In spite of the fact that he made his living by other people's lack of ingenuity, it was sometimes difficult—as it always is with the smart man dealing with the dull one—for Charley to be patient. "Come along."

THEY WALKED in silence for a while. Charley with meditative thoughtfulness as how best to approach Joe for the 30 needed dollars, and Joe with the uneasy feeling of the innocent that maybe he really had done something—maybe he had done something unknowingly, even in his sleep, that was against the law and he hadn't realized!

"Here," said Charley. "Here's a bench. Sit down."

Joe sat down and looked at Charley anxiously. "Now, what's this about the law? I haven't done anything, honestly, Charley. Not a thing. Why, I couldn't! Can you imagine me doing anything wrong?"

Charley frowned down at his worn dusty shoes and gave a cursory look at Joe. "No," he agreed soberly, "I sure can't. But it would probably be better," he went on candidly, "if you could. Especially to that old battle-axe of a mother-in-law yours. She needs her head bashed in."

"Mrs. Bales is a little difficult at times," admitted Joe, staring down at his own shoes. "She's a little—well, domineering."

"Say, look, Joe," said Charley—he was possessed of a new and wonderful idea and he fastened his gaze speculatively on Joe, "would it be worth money to you," (you might just as well get the whole amount in one spot if you can, Charley thought) "if I can fix it so that your mother-in-law leaves you?"

Joe felt startled. He sat up and gazed at his friend with a hope that was like a drowning puppy being offered a helping hand.

"How?" he asked. And then he felt ashamed. Here he was admitting to an almost total stranger that he hated his mother-in-law—agreeing that she needed her head bashed in—and asking how to get rid of her. "I have no interest in hurting Mrs. Bales," he said with dignity. "Either physically—or otherwise."

"That old sister," said Charley easily, "couldn't be hurt. She's got the hide of a rhinoceros and the sole of a worn-out inner tube. You interested? I can fix it so she'll leave you in seven days flat."

"How?" said Joe cautiously. "I don't want her mad at me. If she gets mad at me, Millie'll leave, too."

"She won't get mad," promised Charley easily. "I'll fix it so she'll leave you of her own free will. She'll suggest it herself. She'll go willingly."

Joe stared at him and Charley grinned. This was going to be easy.

"Only," he said, "it's a pretty delicate business—handling a woman like your mother-in-law. She's the bustling, busy-body type that has to be handled carefully. It'll cost you—\$50."

The expression on Joe's face didn't change an iota from the hopefulness it had held, and Charley mentally kicked himself. He could just as easily have asked for a hundred. There were times in his career of being a student of human

nature that Charley almost lost confidence in himself.

"But look here," said Joe now, "what was this about the law? What trouble did you mean I was in?"

"Oh, that," said Charley. "I just made that up. I dropped around to see you, and when she put on the ball-and-chain act, why it made me mad, and I figured we'd get outside here in the park to have a visit. Mystery never did no harm, anyway. Women love mystery. All you gotta do to get a woman to respect you is just to have a secret. The trouble with most men is that they finally let themselves be worn down to telling the secret. Like Samson and Delilah. Now, you take Samson—" Charley was apparently off to a fine discussion of the psychology of Samson's unfortunate dealings with Delilah.

"Well, then," interrupted Joe impatiently, "what's the plan?" He tried to keep the eagerness out of his voice, but at the moment it seemed to him that the only important thing in life was getting rid of Mrs. Bales. If he could go home of an evening from now on and see only Millie—if he could go home and never see the old battle-axe—he flushed a little at his daring to think of Mrs. Bales in those terms—why even with losing Mr. Thompson as a customer and having to eat sauerkraut and cabbage, life would be wonderful.

"Oh," said Charley. "Well, I tell you. I got it figured out in the rough, but I'll have to let you know the details later. Right now, all you gotta do is to go home and say nothing. No matter how they try to worm information out of you. Don't—say—a—word." Charley made his voice very impressive and waved his hand in the air so vigorously that a pigeon that had come down enquiringly flew away with an agitated whirr of wings. "That's the first step. Keeping your mouth shut. Can you do that?" He looked at Joe enquiringly, and it was evident that he didn't think that Joe could—that he thought that as soon as Joe got home he would meekly tell the whole thing. But the series of events of the day had put a new ramrod of strength in Joe's backbone. If he couldn't be positive in his actions—if he couldn't actually defy his mother-in-law and his wife by doing something—certainly he could by doing nothing.

"I won't say a word," he said. He stood up and threw back his shoulders. "Not one word."

"That'll be \$10 to begin with," said Charley briskly, and at Joe's surprised look, "I won't ask for the rest until the day that battle-axe moves out. Willingly," he added hurriedly at the beginning of a frown on Joe's face.

"Well," said Joe hesitantly. He put his hand in his pocket, but he didn't take it out. As much as he would like to get rid of Mrs. Bales, still—

"But first," said Charley briskly, "we gotta fix you up." He took hold of Joe's coat and gave it such a sudden jerk that the seam of the sleeve and the shoulder parted company, and as Joe looked down surprised, Charley gave another rip to his pocket. "That'll give 'em something to think about," he said. "That's what women need anyway. Something to worry about. Now loosen your tie—like maybe you been in a fight."

Fascinated, Joe loosened his tie. This was beginning to have the elements of an adventure, and he felt a stir of excitement.



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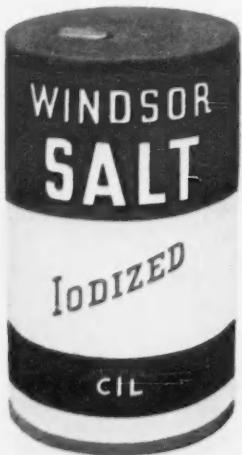


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"Now, got it?" said Charley. "You're to go home and not say a word. Not a word. You let 'em guess whatever they want to, and believe me, women's got imagination plenty. Don't act mad or anything, just talk about everything except what they ask you. And I'll see you tomorrow at the shop. Right at noon. You don't go home for lunch tomorrow. Only you don't tell 'em you're not coming home." Charley smiled. This was getting better. He could even get a few free meals.

"But tomorrow is Thursday," objected Joe. "And on Thursdays, Millie always has a pot roast."

"Do you," said Charley firmly, "or do you not want to get rid of Battle-axe?"

The image of Mrs. Bales, arm akimbo, fork like a spear, rose again in Joe's mind and he shuddered. "Okay," he said. "And oh, yes, here's your \$10."

HE WATCHED Charley pocket it, and then grinned as they shook hands. It was getting a little chilly, for the sun had gone down now, and as he started back across the park, a man and a woman turned to stare after him. But he walked with new vigor, a new happiness, until he remembered, almost belatedly, as he turned up the walk to his own house, that he was supposed to be a mystery. And then, feeling a new enjoyment in life that he hadn't felt in years, he slowed his walk and let his shoulders droop dejectedly. He could see, even without raising his eyes, that Millie and Mrs. Bales were consumed with curiosity. They were both at the front door, the hole in the screen completely and permanently forgotten. They were waiting to ask what had happened. Where in the world had he been? And what did the law want with him?

They began even before he got into the house.

"Well!" said Mrs. Bales. She stood towering above him, her eyes glowering, and for a moment Joe quavered a little and felt himself meekly on the verge of explaining, of excusing himself. "Don't tell me you've got into some trouble!"

Joe didn't say a thing. He didn't even look at his mother-in-law. He went instead over to the mirror and began retying his tie. He bent over and studied it carefully and adjusted it just so. "Dinner about ready?" he said presently, pleasantly.

Battle-axe and Millie stood looking at him, their mouths opened a little, and Joe found himself smiling inwardly. For the first time, he couldn't remember how long he was the centre, the complete centre, of their attention.

"What did that tramp want?" asked Mrs. Bales. "You in trouble at the shop?"

Her voice was loud, shrill, and had the quality of a determined steam whistle that cannot be stopped, and again Joe wavered a little. He had never been able to withstand his mother-in-law. In every argument they ever had, he was defeated before he started. And then he saw Millie's round-eyed surprised look, and he remembered again how sweet Millie had been when he had first courted her, how loving she had been during the first few months of their marriage, and he rose to a new courage.

"I'm hungry," he said mildly. "What about eating now?"

"Well," said his mother-in-law, but

her voice held just a trifle of uncertainty, just a hint of defeat. "If you can't even answer a civil question! And"—she had just caught sight of the torn sleeve, the ripped pocket—"look at your clothes! Don't tell me that you let that ruffian hit you!"

Joe opened his mouth again—to explain, to defy, and again he closed it. Instead he went into the dining room and sat down. It was the first time in his life that he had ever sat down at a table without first being told to sit, and he sat there a moment trembling, both at his audacity in doing such a thing, and in his own anger. Make a fool of him, would she! Well, she would see. He wouldn't say one word of explanation, if he died!

For a while he thought maybe he would be just sitting there alone—that Millie and her mother wouldn't even come in, and then he saw that they were hurrying to bring in the food, the platter of fried liver (which he disliked), the boiled cabbage (which he despised), the mashed potatoes (he liked French fries).

There was a peculiar formality about the meal, and although Joe spoke pleasantly, of the food, the boys at the shop, the news, he was aware that they regarded him with puzzlement, and frequently they exchanged enquiring looks. They were, he perceived, becoming intensely curious. He felt pleased. He began to expand. He even had the courage presently to say that he didn't like cabbage. That he had never liked cabbage. And firmly, gently, he refused to take a helping.

After that it was easy. For the whole evening he said nothing at all on the subject of Charley's visit. Whenever Millie or Mrs. Bales came out with a question about Charley, or the coat (which Millie presently asked him to take off so she could mend, and she studied with a puzzled, worried look on her forehead that almost weakened Joe in his determination not to talk) he said something about the weather. Or the garden. Or a trip to the Rockies. Ever since Joe was a boy he had wanted to see the mountains. He had wanted to take Millie there when they were married but Mrs. Bales had said that it was a pity to spend so much money on a mere trip and why not use it instead to furnish the house. To buy a good divan, for instance. A really good one that opened out into a bed.

The whole evening passed that way. Joe was amazed. The women began to be quieter. To be speculative. To look at him secretively. It was astounding. It was creative of a pleasant feeling of power that permeated Joe like the singing strength of hot coffee on a cold morning, and along about nine o'clock, he stood up and said he believed he'd take a walk before he went to bed! Never before had he acted so casually. Always before he had been docilely waiting until Millie made the first move to leave her mother alone in the living room.

THE NEXT MORNING, however, Joe almost forgot. He woke startled to hear the sound of crashing wood, and to late he realized that he had forgotten to remove the ladder from the side driveway as he had intended. He had been trying to mend the porch roof—Mrs. Bales had noticed that there were some shingles out of line—and he had

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forgotten all about the ladder due to the screen door and Charley's coming. Now the milkman had apparently, in his early morning zeal, ripped his truck into it.

Joe lay hearing the sound of his mother-in-law's voice, strident and angry, berating the milkman. Right now it was all the milkman's fault; in five minutes she would come to his door, and here Joe buried his face a little deeper into the pillow, and it would be his fault.

"Go to blazes," said Joe under his breath. "Go to blazes," he whispered again. But he knew he could never say the words—never in the world could he say them to Battle-axe. And then the word Battle-axe made him think of Charley again, and he remembered that he didn't have to say anything! He could ignore Battle-axe! And today was the day he wasn't coming home to lunch!

So in five minutes when Mrs. Bales came to the door, her mouth pursed and ready, her lungs gathering power to launch into a steam whistle of accusation, Joe was up and beginning to dress.

"I told you time and again," said Mrs. Bales, "to put things back where they belong. Now the ladder is ruined—broken into a hundred pieces."

Joe took off his pyjama top and leaned over to look into the mirror and run his hand through his hair. He ought to get Syd to cut his hair today.

"Ruined," said Mrs. Bales. "Positively ruined."

Joe glanced at Mrs. Bales reflectively and untied the cord to his pyjama pants. Mrs. Bales glared at him and then, as it became quite evident that Joe intended to start dressing, she turned and disappeared wrathfully.

Joe grinned. He wouldn't have believed it would work. Charley's plan. After that it was merely a matter of holding to his plan. And keeping his mouth shut.

At noon he and Charley had lunch at the Casa de Riviera. It was a gaudy place with a lot of red leather cushions and blond waitresses with flashing smiles and ruffled blouses that clung carelessly to their brown shoulders. Joe ordered fried oysters and cream pie, both of which he loved. His and Charley's lunch together cost him three dollars, and he felt wonderful. He felt, as he left an oversized tip, like a youth out to conquer the world, like a knight of old wearing armor and going out to joust, or whatever knights of old did to prove their courage and virility.

Joe had new plans, too. "The next step," Charley had told him sagaciously, "I got all figured out. It gets a little harder from here on, for women don't

ever quit on you. They wheedle and pry and plead to know what's the matter, what you been doing, who you been with. But don't you let on one word. Anytime at all you say anything, you're lost. Every time they ask you a question, you say something else than the answer. Something pleasant, mind you. Like what a pretty color that is they're wearing. Or I love your hair, honey, you sure got beautiful hair. It always mixes women up to give them a compliment. It'll side-track 'em every time."

"I can do that," said Joe. He had new confidence, born of the fried oysters at the Casa de Riviera, and the success of the evening before. "That's easy."

"All right then," Charley said. "The next step is to clip newspapers," and at Joe's surprised look, "you're to clip things out of the papers—things that got to do with family troubles—with men leaving home." Charley brought out the restaurant copy of the newspaper and looked at the front page hurriedly. "See, here's what I mean. Here's something about a man running off from his wife on account of she's spending too much time at bridge parties." And at Joe's look of doubt, he hurried on, "It don't mean a thing. You're not going to do anything; you're just stimulating their imagination. You clip it out from the paper tonight. Just clip it out and tear it up. Be good for 'em. They'll go borrow a paper and find out what you cut out. And then they'll wonder why. You do that."

So all afternoon, while he was shaving and cutting hair and giving massages, Joe smiled at the thoughts of his mother-in-law hunting up a paper to see what he had clipped. He felt so tickled he could hardly wait to get home and get the paper.

And it worked out just the way Charley said it would. He could hardly believe it. It was amazing. For, after supper—pot roast warmed over, but better than usual, and chocolate cake, first time Millie had made chocolate cake in months—Mrs. Bales picked up the paper.

"What's this!" she said. "What's the hole doing in the paper?" But her voice was less demanding, less accusing than usual, even when she repeated her question and stared at Joe. He could see her from the corner of his eyes.

"Think I'll get me a new suit, Millie," Joe told Millie who was sitting, quiet as a little mouse in the corner, darning a sock, turning it around and around and around in her pretty white hands. "I'm getting tired of this old blue one."

"What—" said Mrs. Bales, and then at a look from Millie, she subsided and

coming!

What makes women so bloodthirsty?

Well-known sports writer Trent Frayne explains why all that feminine screaming and shouting and throwing of objects at ball games and wrestling matches may save a lot of husbands from getting pins stuck in them . . .

Read this stimulating, revealing feature in

SEPTEMBER CHATELAINE



MARGARET LOCKWOOD

There Were No Further Lockwoods In The Subways.



A Toronto newspaperman, now writing film reviews for an English daily, undertook to discover a bevy of new British film stars within one week in the London underground. The sequel and the gist of his report: There are no further Lockwoods, Calverts, Rocs, Kents or Hobsons in the subways.

★ ★ ★

Margaret Lockwood in Canada, as in Britain, is the most popular of filmdom's London beauties. The sleuthing critic could easily have located a second Lockwood but he looked in the wrong spots. She is little Toots, to be found either at home with her mother or in their current picture, *THE WHITE UNICORN*.

★ ★ ★

The best place to discover film stars is in films. Almost all the feminine favorites in the J. Arthur Rank studios now have new pictures nearly ready.

★ ★ ★

After her recent Hollywood hits and her great success in *THE SEVENTH VEIL*, Ann Todd will reappear in *DAYBREAK*.

★ ★ ★

Phyllis Calvert is starred in *BROKEN JOURNEY*; Jean Kent in *GOOD TIME GIRL*; Joan Greenwood in *SARABAND*.

★ ★ ★

Jean Simmons, of course, plays Ophelia to Laurence Olivier's *HAMLET*.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Roc has completed *ONE NIGHT WITH YOU*, co-starred with Nino Martini.

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Hardened film salesmen have just been looking at Valerie Hobson in Technicolor and with Stewart Granger and in *BLANCHE FURY* which they honestly believe to be Miss Hobson at her most magnificent.

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presently when she got up and went out, and Joe could hear the kitchen door close quietly he grinned a little to himself. She was going over to the neighbors to borrow a paper. She was going to find out what had been cut out, and then she was going to worry about it.

AFTER THAT, Joe began to enjoy himself. Every day he clipped one item—something Charley suggested, usually something about a man leaving home, or a mother-in-law causing trouble. Sometimes it was just a joke on the editorial page, or one line of a column, or a cartoon, and every day Mrs. Bales got a little quieter and a little less certain. And on Friday he came home and found that his clothes had been moved back into the closet with Millie's, and the next day, they told him—Millie and her mother both—at supper that she thought maybe she was going to visit her sister in Regina for a while.

"Haven't seen her since Jimmy was born," said Mrs. Bales. Her cheeks were a little flushed, and her eyes were bright, and her look at Joe held something of the old defiance, and something of a new wariness. "Been over two years now, time we got together, I think—me and Sarah. Thought maybe I'd stay a while."

"Aunt Sarah's been wanting Mama to come for a long time," said Millie.

"Fine," said Joe. "Awfully good cake, Millie. Awfully good." He gazed absently at the window curtains billowing slightly in the evening breeze.

"Maybe I might just stay on," said Mrs. Bales. Her voice was still uncertain, but as Joe continued to gaze, and continued to say nothing, she went on more firmly, "Yes, I guess I will. Now that Mr. Simpson has passed away and Sarah is alone with the two children, I guess maybe she needs me."

"Be a good thing," agreed Joe. "Fine for you both."

"Well," said Mrs. Bales, "we used to be real close. When we were girls. And Regina's a real nice place, I hear. Maybe you can come and see me. After your trip to the mountains." She turned to look at Millie's round little face with its anxious expression, like a kitten that is still unsure of the outside world after its safe kittenhood under the barn. "You and Millie."

It was wonderful. It was unbelievable. And for a moment that night, with Millie soft and warm and sweet in his arms, Joe almost forgot and told her things—things that would give away the secret, would give away the mystery. And then he remembered Charley and the rest of the \$50 he owed and he sobered and kissed her instead. "You got the prettiest hair in the world, Baby," he said. Millie made a little purring sound in his arms, and he smiled happily.

MRS. BALES didn't get ready to leave until the next afternoon. Joe had debated taking a couple of hours off to help her get her bags down to the station, but Charley, wearing a new checked suit with a bright red tie, came in to get a haircut, a shave, and a shampoo, told him not to do it. At the present time Joe would as soon have thought of ceasing to breathe as ceasing to obey Charley implicitly. "No," said Charley, "you let her be. Let her get away by herself. She'll be the better for it," and he stared with satisfaction

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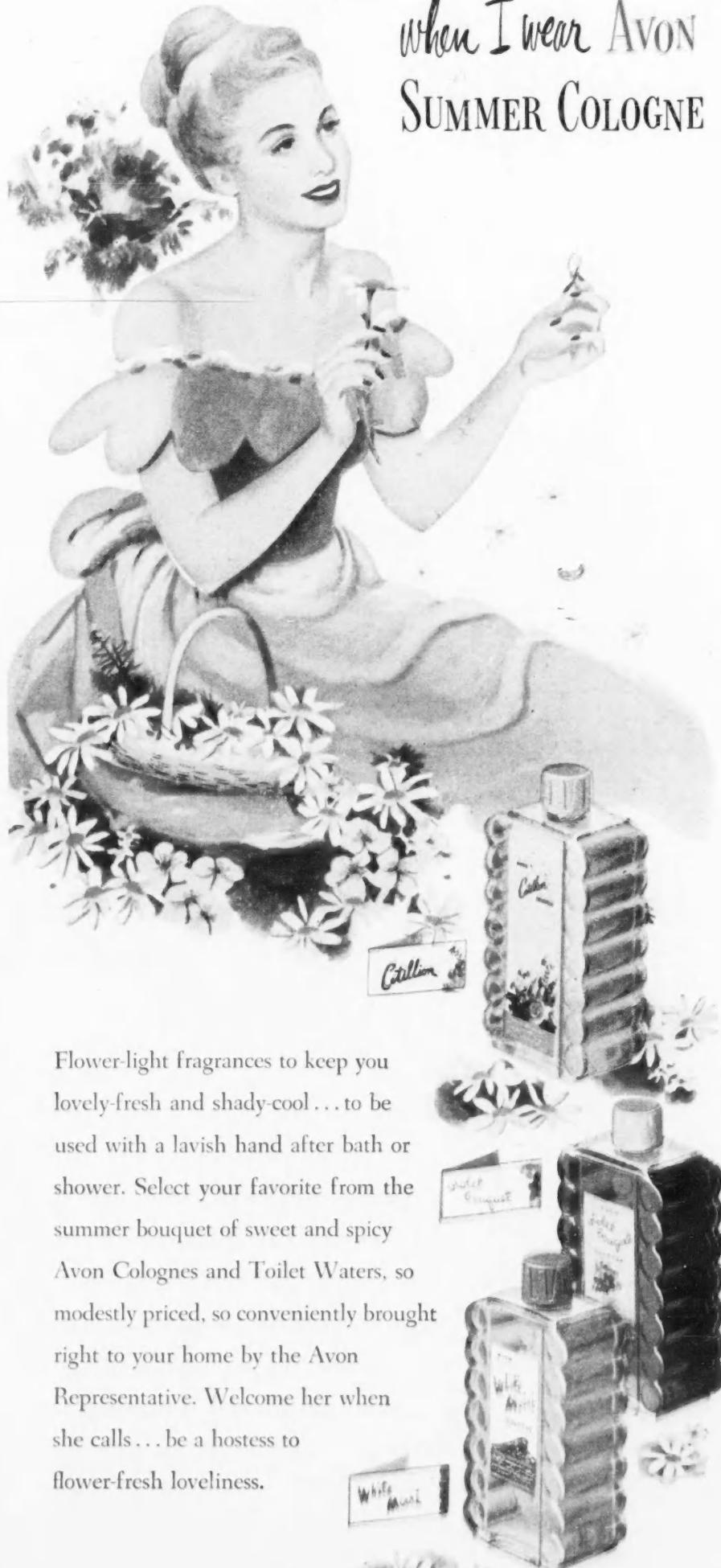
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into the mirror at the reflection of his new sartorial splendor.

And then Charley promptly forgot all about his advice, until he happened by the railway station at three o'clock—you never know what things turn up at a railway station—and saw a large, reddish-faced woman, wearing a bright pink rose-trimmed hat and a tight purple dress, sitting forlornly on the last bench. She looked, Charley thought, like someone who might be approached for a touch—sorrowful like that, she might fall for some scheme. You can't ever depend on a woman's reaction, but sometimes they fool you.

Charley eased himself down in the seat beside her carefully and sighed and brought out his handkerchief—immaculately white. Soiled, shabby clothes work with a man, bring out his sympathy, but with a woman you got to be spotless, no matter what hard luck story you bring up. A woman, Charley felt, would condemn an angel, if he had a wing feather out of place.

"A very uncomfortable station," he said politely. "Badly kept."

The woman looked at him briefly and didn't say anything.

"And," continued Charley sadly, "I've found it a curiously cold town to us strangers."

"I'm not a stranger in town," said the woman, and for just a moment her lip quivered. "My daughter and son-in-law live here. But they couldn't even take time to see me off."

"That's a shame," said Charley sympathetically. His voice was full and resonant, a pipe organ's most reverent tone. And then something about the woman, about her size, about her obviously unaccustomed air of defeat,

stirred him to new interest. This was Battle-axe! He had seen her just once and then very briefly. But it was Battle-axe, he knew it was! And the course of excitement of a new experiment ran through his veins. And he thanked his lucky stars that he was wearing his brand-new suit, that he had a fresh shave and haircut! A hundred chances to one she'd never recognize him.

"Madam," he said respectfully. "I'm a psychologist. That's my profession. That's why I know—you'll pardon the intrusion—that you have a problem. I have just finished up some business here in town, some very delicate business adjusting the domestic affairs of a delightful young couple I know, and I'm wondering if I may not be able to help you, too."

Mrs. Bales turned to look at him, first with suspicion and then at the open, clear blue eyes of Charley, with faint hope. "Well," she said cautiously, "I've half an hour yet before train time. But I won't pay you."

Charley considered her words carefully. "My advice, madam," he said, "comes at a very nominal fee. And always paid only at the complete satisfaction of my client."

"Well," said Mrs. Bales, and she began doubtfully, "I don't know—but I will say that my son-in-law has deliberately come between me and my daughter. My own daughter, mind you! And—" And then her words, gathering new force and vigor, became quicker and more fluent.

Charley clucked his tongue sympathetically and began planning happily. You could almost see the wheels turning over and over and over in his head. ♦

When Do We Start Living?

Continued from page 10

shoulder. She slipped a hand in his. If Sybil thought it middle class she didn't need to look. It was good to have Pete right here with her and the salty breeze ruffling her hair.

THERE WERE a few other cars parked inside the rustic entrance to the Bidgood place. Once introductions were completed the inevitable drift of men to men set in, and the women were left to their own devices. From the flagged terrace where they all sat, Lorraine could see ships passing along the near channel, angling inward toward Father Point and a pilot, or outward toward the Gulf. On the horizon a dim long shape might have been a cloud or the mountains on the north shore, 60 miles away. In the immediate foreground Pete, sitting with the group of successful-looking men over their glasses, seemed to belong. To Lorraine's surprise Mrs. Bidgood was a thin, reserved woman, with no particular expression except when she showed them the garden she had created in an unlikely corner of the grounds. On the way home Sybil said you could see that none of them really meant anything to her. This afternoon was one of the things she did for her husband's sake. If they all died tomorrow she would simply say, "How sad," and go on living quite comfortably.

Lorraine surprised herself by rising to Mrs. Bidgood's defense. If Mrs. Bid-

good died, she retorted, they would likely do the same.

"These are morbid thoughts for broad daylight," said Pete.

He seemed in particularly high spirits, and as soon as they reached their room he told Lorraine why. The chief had got word that their work on the Barbour account was beginning to show results. Before they left he had drawn Pete aside and told him that there was a nice bonus coming to him and Doug when it was finally in the bag.

"And there's more where that's coming from, chicken," gloated Pete, flinging his long frame down on the bed. "Next thing, I betcha, it will be a winter holiday in the West Indies."

"With the Octopus as chaperon?"

Pete propped himself up long enough to make sure that she was only teasing, then went back to his fairy tale.

"One of these days I shouldn't be surprised to see you and me buying a nice place for ourselves, too."

Lorraine laughed.

"A firm like Bidgood's can support half a dozen big places, can't it?"

Pete cocked an eye at her.

"What's to prevent me being an Octopus myself, some day?"

"Go on. I love to hear you talk like that."

"Don't you believe me?"

"Silly-billy. Of course I do."

She ran to him, rumpling his hair. He fended a hand away and shook his hair back into place.

"You'd better. You're the beneficiary. I even see mink coats on the horizon."

"Oh, stop! I can only take in so much at a time."

Pete sat up, grinning.

"Well, with the thermometer near 90 it does seem a bit previous."

Lorraine went to the mirror to freshen her lipstick.

"I should think Doug would be jealous of the attention you're getting from Mr. Bidgood. After all, he's been with the firm longer than you have."

"Not Doug," said Pete comfortably. "He and I make the perfect complementary team, and he knows it. So does the chief."

"Somehow," confessed Lorraine slowly, as if realization had just come, "I feel almost scared."

"Whatever for?"

"We—seem to be going so fast."

"Of course we are," said Pete, an edge of irritation to his voice. "Wasn't that the idea when I gave up working for myself?"

"Yes." Lorraine turned from the mirror and perched on the arm of a chair. "But I have a sneaky feeling that we're missing something." Her eyes strayed to the flapping blind at the window. "Remember at Sunnybeach how we could look out our window right onto the shore?"

"Snap out of it," said Pete. "We've gone past that now. You don't, for heaven's sake, want to be provincial all your life, do you?"

She stared at him. It sounded more like Doug than Pete.

"You know very well, Pete Shaw," she said, "that being provincial hasn't a thing to do with the price we pay for a hotel room."

A minute later they were laughing together over some foolish trifles, but Lorraine found it difficult to shake off a vague uneasiness. She dated her heretical thoughts about Mr. Bidgood from that afternoon. When the following day started along the old monotonous groove she said to Sybil, "Isn't Mr. Bidgood ever going to give them any time to themselves?"

Sybil spared an amused glance from the finger and toe-nail enamel she was studying.

"Get interested in something besides your husband," she said. "You can't go on living in his pocket forever."

"Middle class, I suppose?" Lorraine's innocence was deceptive. Sybil, intent on the nail enamel again, nodded. "That I wouldn't know," retorted Lorraine.

She got up from her chair and left. A great longing for Carol and Jeff came over her, for a roomier mental atmosphere in which to breathe, for Jeff's cool, unflustered judgment that had given him the headship of the biggest high school in town. She would, she decided suddenly, take a bus out to Sunnybeach and find out if it were Jeff and Carol she had seen yesterday. If it weren't, at least she would have the satisfaction of seeing old familiar places again.

They were there. They were on the shore in the lee of a driftwood log. As Lorraine approached she saw a third figure, small, unsteady, staggering and falling on the sand. A pang of jealousy stabbed at Lorraine. Carol and Jeff had a baby. And she and Pete hadn't even heard. She was further hurt by the manner of their welcome. Carol was polite, of course, but that kind of politeness was not part of friendship. Jeff was neutral, if not indifferent. He lay with his shoulders hunched against

the log, his hat tilted forward over his eyes, his pipe jutting out at an acute angle.

"Pete's doing pretty well for himself, I hear," he said.

"He's been lucky," said Lorraine.

"You're looking well," said Carol, half her attention on the baby.

Her shorts and halter were faded by many hours of wear and sunshine, her beach sandals scuffed. The buckle of one strap hung by a thread. Lorraine felt almost guilty to be wearing her apparently simple chambray with its touches of white. At Sunnybeach it was the kind of dress you changed into for supper, thinking yourself lucky to have three or four to bring with you.

When she left, after a brief stay, she felt as if she were walking out of a complete and unified world that had no need of her. It was nobody's fault but her own, hers and Pete's. They had done exactly what she had despised Sybil and Doug for doing to their friends. They had been too keen on forging ahead to keep in touch.

Sybil, in a French style bathing suit, was sitting on the edge of the pool kicking up showers of spray when Lorraine got back.

"Where have you been all afternoon?" she asked.

"You," said Lorraine out of the depths of depression, "would probably call it slumming."

Sybil just laughed. You had to hand it to her, she never held any malice. That it was probably due to complete indifference about any personal relationship between you, was beside the point.

Changing from the chambray to a creamy silk jersey, all soft drapes and folds, Lorraine began to feel that her visit was a mistake. It woke too many sleeping regrets. For all their budgeting of money and good times, Carol and Jeff were having a glorious time, the kind of good time she and Pete had enjoyed with them. Was it only three years ago? Did Pete, she wondered, ever miss them? While she wondered, he came in from his day on the golf links. She ran to lock her arms tightly around him.

"Hey!" he smiled. "I'm only your husband. Why the ardor?"

She nuzzled her head under his chin. "I'm homesick for you, Pete."

"Silly," he murmured, brushing his lips across her hair. "You can't be homesick for someone who's right here."

"You're not here in your mind," she quavered.

He held her out at arm's length, giving her a shake.

"Now what kind of talk is that. The bargain was, you remember, when the chief took me on, that the lad who was prepared to give up the pleasures of the moment for the sake of the future was the lad for his money. You want me to get to the top, don't you?"

"Jeff is at the top," she replied mutinously.

"If you can call it that."

"Then to you," said Lorraine, "the top means simply and solely big money?"

"If it doesn't, why am I working?"

She pulled herself away and walked over to the window, the window with a view of the courtyard. A chef came to stand in the kitchen door for a moment, using his apron as a fan. Lorraine faced Pete again.

"According to that," she said, "the

+ Continued on page 45

Prem takes to the Garden

WITH A CHOICE OF THREE DELICIOUS NEW TOPPINGS

Martha Logan



A SWIFT
QUALITY
FOOD

Bakes in 20 minutes!

Look what we have here—a bright garden of summery vegetables nestled around savory slices of Swift's Prem. Here's a satisfying summer main dish that "fixes fast." And wait'll you taste that special blend that gives Prem its distinctive two-meat flavor. For Prem, you know, is different. It's the one that's both juicy pork and tender beef.

Martha Logan's PREM GARDEN PLATTER

Out of the oven and ready to serve in a cool matter of minutes

(4 servings)

- 1 can Prem cut in 8 slices
- Cooked new potatoes
- Tiny or sliced carrots (cooked)
- *Toppings—(choice of three)

Arrange slices of Prem on shallow baking dish with cooked vegetables. (Prem really does things for all vegetables.) Pour melted butter over vegetables.

*Top Prem with one of these: (1) Mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed with 2 tablespoons each prepared mustard and minced sweet pickle; (2) Sour cream, 1 cup, with chopped chives (pictured); (3) Blue cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, crumbled; mixed with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard.

Bake in moderately quick oven (375°) for 20 minutes. Whichever topping you choose, you'll find this a tempting, nutritious way to serve THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION

OF PORK AND TENDER BEEF...

Swift's Prem
SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED



NEWS!

BY BRENDA YORK ABOUT
YORK
CANNED MEATS

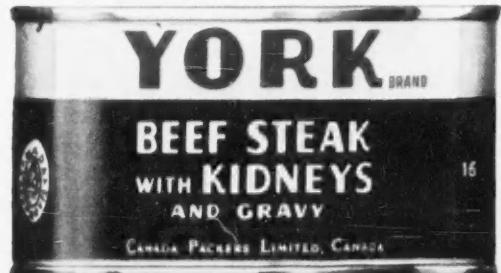
CANADA PACKERS PRESENTS THE YORK BRAND
 "NEW LOOK"—CANADA'S FINEST CANNED MEATS
 IN A BRAND NEW DRESS

On this page you see fourteen selections from the FIFTY new YORK Canned Meats labels. Note the ease with which you can identify your favourite YORK brand and how easy it is to pick out the product you want. The new labels all carry the red YORK name on a white top-panel. Different colour backgrounds and true-to-life pictures make product identification quick and easy.

The YORK name means fine flavour and fine quality guaranteed by Canada's largest meat packers.

Brenda York

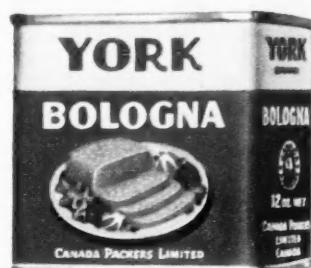
CANADA
 PACKERS
 LIMITED



Old fashioned—mighty good



Summer salad plates—tasty picnic sandwiches



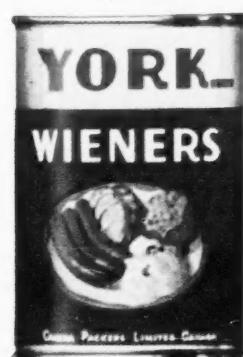
Thrifty and flavourful—very popular



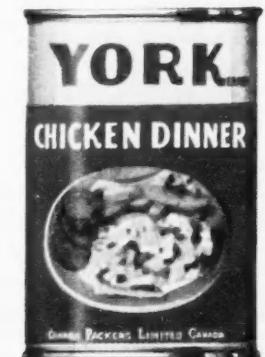
Hearty outdoor meals—the flavour men go for



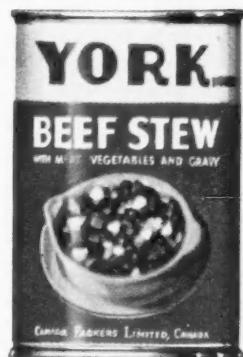
Made from tender young pork—delicious flavour



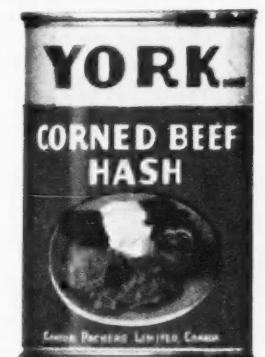
Grand idea for summer wiener roasts or snacks



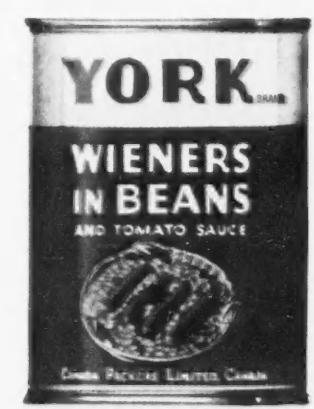
Tastes like fine home cooking—just heat and serve



A real meal for very little money



A popular choice—lunch and dinner



Two large servings of tasty wieners and baked beans



A delicacy that tickles the palate

more money you have, the happier you ought to be."

Pete reached out his hand to her.

"Look, puss, you're getting too introspective. One of these days I'll have to take time off to give you a pep talk."

Warmth flowed back into her veins. She caught his hand and laid it against her cheek.

"I'd introspect 24 hours on end, if that's the reward," she said.

THE DAYS slipped by indolently. Because one was very like another they slipped by quickly. Every morning Pete and Doug went to the golf links in Mr. Bidgood's car. Most evenings they spent in Mr. Bidgood's suite going over the day's progress and planning the next moves. If they finished early Pete was too tired to talk or too keyed up to sleep.

What it was that stabbed Lorraine back to awareness on that particular day, she never knew. It may have been no more than a shift in the breeze that idled across the collection of chairs on the hotel lawn. Soon she and Pete would be going home. All the hours they had lost pressed in on her with the dead weight of unfulfillment. Worse still, Pete did not look like a man who was on a holiday. His face was sharpened with the tenseness of constant mental activity, the excitement of success luring him on. Doug's face was as smooth and unlined as ever. It was almost frightening. Pete was one of the creators. A bit of himself went into the glitter that people like Doug manipulated. Doug would outlast Pete. With a kind of panic Lorraine recalled the fact that he had outlasted Pete's predecessor.

"Pete," she said that night, "will you do something for me?"

"Name it and it's yours," he replied, his head emerging all spiky from the coat of his pyjamas.

"It's an island," she said. "That little one over in the bay. I want it. For one afternoon."

"Take it," said Pete expansively. He yawned and climbed into bed.

"With you on it," specified Lorraine.

"That would be something." He reached for a cigarette from the bedside table.

"I'm beginning to think," said Lorraine, "that it's harder to come by than mink." Her brush paused above the bronze sheen of her hair. "What are my chances?"

Pete cast a quick look at her, blew a succession of smoke rings, then said, "At the moment, rather thin."

"Oh, Pete!" Impossible to keep the disappointment from spilling over. "We haven't done a thing we planned."

Pete flicked his cigarette jerkily at the ash tray.

"I'm only doing it for you," he said defensively. "We want to be able to do things, don't we?"

She set her brush down on the dressing table and spoke to the mirror. "When?"

"What do you mean, when?"

"I mean—" she felt her way along—"how will we know the exact minute—or day—when we say, 'Here it is. Here is the future we've given up everything for. Now let's start to enjoy it.'? Look at Mr. Bidgood—"

"He's got things the way he wants them," said Pete curtly. "Don't waste any sympathy on him."

"Maybe he has. But I'll bet his wife hasn't."

"What does she want?" demanded

Pete. "To keep him under her thumb all her life?"

Lorraine stared at him. Something cold and hateful seemed to be rising up between them like a barrier.

"Pete," she implored. "What's happening to us?"

"I'll bite. What?"

"Three years ago you wouldn't have asked. You would have known."

"The world moves in three years," returned Pete.

Silence hung between them. He fidgeted, squeezed his cigarette out, reached for another. Mechanically Lorraine picked up her brush again. The next minute Pete had leaped out of bed. His arms were round her, brush and all.

"By golly, Octopus or no, we'll go to your island, honey," he said. "Next Thursday as ever was. It's a date, eh?"

LORRAINE LIVED on it. That one afternoon was going to be worth all the sterile hours between. But she might have known. On that very Thursday a special colleague of Mr. Bidgood's was due to arrive from New York.

"But didn't you tell him about our date?" asked Lorraine, as she and Pete dressed for dinner Wednesday evening.

"I mentioned it," said Pete guardedly. Lorraine interrupted him vehemently. "I think I hate that man!"

"Now you're just being hysterical."

Pete was having trouble unfolding his clean shirt. Automatically she went to help him, words trembling on her lips. Before any of them could be uttered, there was a rap on the door.

"For Mrs. Peter Shaw," said the bell boy, handing in a box.

When the outer wrapping came off and Lorraine saw the delicacy of orchids through transparent plastic, the tightness inside her eased. She turned impulsively to Pete, not taking time to open the attached envelope.

"Who's it from?" he asked, and the momentary glow died.

"I can guess," she said.

She was right. On the card was inscribed: "For a young lady in return for a share of her husband."

"That's jolly nice of the old boy," said Pete, reading it over her shoulder.

He was too hearty. Lorraine set the fragile box down deliberately. Then she said, with a clear hardness that surprised even herself, "He may think he can buy you, Pete Shaw, but he can't buy me."

Pete's jaw hardened.

"I don't get it."

"You're not dumb," flashed Lorraine. "You know as well as I do. Flatter the little woman. Buy her off with orchids."

She picked up the box and dumped it into the green and cream waste basket. Pete snatched it out almost before it touched bottom.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded. "Throwing orchids away!"

"Not any crazier than I would be to wear them at that price."

Pete took a new tack.

"Do you want me to look like a fool when Sybil comes down with hers on?"

"So she's being bought off, too!" Lorraine's eyes narrowed. "And you knew all about it. But there's one thing you don't know, apparently. Anybody with half an ounce of common sense ought to know that on an ordinary evening at a summer hotel, orchids just aren't worn. So if anyone looks like a fool it won't be me."

* Continued on page 44



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Your Letter May Win \$100

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: What a treat it is to sit down in the garden for my monthly "chat" with you midst the "blooming" results of Spring-time labours... and I hope that you are doing likewise when you read it. Isn't it amazing how a flower, fruit or vegetable, planted and tended with our own hands, becomes more precious than the most exotic orchid or imported delicacy that money can buy? A neighbour friend says: "Eating one of my own tomatoes is almost like eating a friend!"

NO MORE "BLUE MONDAY" OR ANY-DAY BLUES seems to be the opinion of so many of you who have taken the time and trouble to answer the May contest on Maple Leaf Soap Flakes. Thank you for your complimentary words—and your many ideas which I have filed most carefully for future use. From all these letters, we have chosen one which we felt best summed up all the neighbours' experiences with these fine soap flakes. So, it gives me great pleasure to say:

MOST HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO:

MRS. BETTY FAIRLEY,

121 Eastbourne Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario

who wins the \$100.00 First Prize for the following splendid letter. Mrs. Fairley writes:

Dear Brenda York,

When I saw your request for letters singing the praises of Maple Leaf Soap Flakes in my magazine this month, I couldn't resist the temptation to sit down and write to you right away. Many times I have wanted to publish a letter telling all those people who have not yet tried this remarkable washing aid that they should do so without delay, and this would seem to be a wonderful opportunity. I have never found anything to equal this washing aid and I would never expect to find a better type of Soap Flakes. Maple Leaf gives wonderful soft suds, renews faded colors in worn and faded woolly garments, and what is most important to me, it does not affect the hands one bit. I came out to Canada from England in 1945, a very new Bride, and in the same year I had the wonderful gift of a daughter. I was young, however, and not very experienced; I did not have my Mother to run to for advice—and in a few weeks my hands and the baby's little garments were showing signs of poor washing and use of wrong soap. I was in despair; the hands which had been my pride and joy were no longer anybody's pride and joy—they were so rough I couldn't even put my own stockings on—or lift my little infant without fear of hurting her. Carol had poorly washed coats and bonnets and I had a very bad temper and started to hate my new job as wife and Mother. It can happen, too, and over such a simple thing—so you can well imagine how grateful I am to Maple Leaf Soap Flakes, recommended to me by a Doctor after he had seen my distressing situation.

Two years ago, this precious soap was so scarce I had to have a certificate for it, but now I have a mania and that mania is to buy a packet every time I see it on my grocer's shelf—even my husband will bring it home for me instead of a box of candy, and I am just as thrilled! My hands are once again a joy, my temper is sweet and my life and happiness assured and wonderful, all of which I do in no small measure attribute to my finding Maple Leaf Soap Flakes in time.

THIS MONTH \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE will be awarded for the best idea for serving **YORK WIENERS IN BEANS AND TOMATO SAUCE**

Women tell us that apart from the convenience, (no refrigeration needed!) York Wieners in Beans have many other attractions! So—\$100.00 will be awarded for the letter which best describes the occasion when you found they just "hit the spot." It might be an everyday family dinner—an impromptu campfire outing—a busy-day noontime lunch—an evening when "the boys" decided that "your" house would be a good place to get together. Write to me, won't you?

AND THERE ARE CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers, a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's for a tin of York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the First Prize—but we promise only ONE voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as a Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, August 31st, 1948. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my November magazine column. Be sure to look for it—YOUR name might be there!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,

"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

So sorry! The "Have you tried this . . ." which appears each month has had to be omitted this time because of the length of the prize-winning letter, but it will be back again in the next Column. Meanwhile the long Summer day—like the Arabs—folds its tent and creeps into the shadows. Before I follow suit, let me remind you to be sure and let me know when and how you served York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce—post your letter on or before midnight, August 31st, in order to qualify for the \$100.00 prize. Good luck, all.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York



A Glamour Cake BUT YOU NEED CAKE FLOUR FROM SPECIALISTS!

IT DOESN'T matter whether you are making this exotic Arabian Ribbon Cake, or a quick and economical one-egg cake — you need Swans Down, the only flour sold by a firm which for over 50 years has specialized in cake flour. This experience can not be matched . . . experience in selecting the fine, soft wheat for Swans Down — in "Controlled Milling" — in sifting and re-sifting through silk until Swans Down is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour.

Give all your cakes the advantages of Swans Down — made by exclusive makers of cake flour.

Fragrant With Eastern Spices

ARABIAN RIBBON CAKE*
3 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup butter or other shortening
1 1/2 cups sugar
3 eggs, separated
1 1/4 cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon (each) mace and nutmeg
3 tablespoons dark molasses

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually; cream until light. Add egg yolks, one at a time; beat thoroughly after each. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks. Stir quickly but thoroughly into batter. Turn one-third of mixture into greased 9-inch layer pan; to remainder, add spices and molasses and blend. Turn into two greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Put plain layer between spice layers using a favorite filling and icing. The cake we picture has a raisin filling and Lemon Cream Icing (page 78, "Learn to Bake — You'll Love It"). See book offer at left.

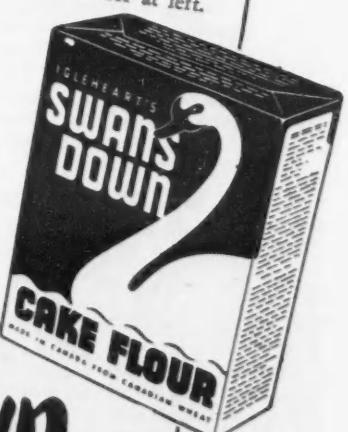
NEW BOOK "Learn to Bake — You'll Love It"

80 pages of recipes for delightful cakes, cookies, frostings, desserts, pastries. Attractive color photographs. Send 20¢ in coin or stamps, with your name and address, to Dept. 46U, General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

*There are other grand cake recipes on the Swans Down package — try the Swans Down Gold Cake, or the Swans Down One Egg Cake.

Brought to you by exclusive makers of cake flour

Swans Down CAKE FLOUR



A Product of General Foods

S-168M

They're Prize Winners . . .

Story on following page

WHAT is the secret of winning prizes in a national junior baking contest? To discover the answer, the Institute went to Brampton and watched these sister pairs make and bake their first-prize entries.

We found that the girls started with a good recipe—always the first rule for success. From there on they followed the recipe carefully—beginning with accurate measurements of all the ingredients, then right through each step, finally checking the oven temperature and timing the baking period right to the last minute.

That, after all, is the fundamental secret to all good cooking. There's no trick to it. Any cook, junior or senior, can win blue ribbon praises at home, or prizes at a fair, if she keeps that simple set of rules in mind as she bakes.

It's Cookies for Mary

Mary Elizabeth McKinney was just 10 when she won three first prizes, two seconds and a third in the Junior Baking Contest. In spite of her slight build and shy manner she's a self-possessed little person who never wastes a minute. After school she practices on the piano or makes scrapbooks—she's proud of the big one in which she's pasted photos and press clippings of Barbara Ann Scott.

Here is the recipe she chose to demonstrate for us.

Refrigerator Cookies

4 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3/4 cup butter or shortening
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar, lightly packed
3 eggs, well-beaten



Mary hopes to join the Junior Calf Club this fall. Here she's feeding her pet, "Orphan Annie."



Mrs. McKinney watches her daughter, Ruth, pluck silky hair from one of her Angora rabbits.

Her specialty is the white cake that brought her first prize at the CNE.

White Layer Cake

1/2 cup shortening (or part butter)
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs, well-beaten
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup milk

METHOD: Cream shortening until fluffy; add vanilla. Add sugar gradually and beat until fluffy. Add beaten eggs and beat again until light. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Mix just until blended. Do not beat after flour has been added. Turn into two greased and lightly floured 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. When baked, let stand 5 minutes, then turn out. When cold make a lemon or cream filling and cover with 7-minute frosting.

First Prize Cake

No wonder Ruth McKinney says she likes country life. There's always something doing at Pioneer Lodge Farm where her father specializes in pure-bred Holstein cattle and registered seed grain. When they've visitors Ruth helps her mother entertain. And in her spare time she's either practicing her singing or tending her Angora rabbits, a small business venture she hopes will be profitable.

Then, of course, there's her cooking for which she wishes she had more time.

Betty Chooses Muffins

Six firsts, three for muffins, one each for fruit and nut loaf, chocolate cake

COOL COOL USES for Chocolate Syrup

Fry's chocolate syrup is so simple to make... and so quick! Keep a jar on hand all summer long... it's the perfect base for long, cool drinks... a wonderful topping for cold desserts!

Chocolate Syrup
Mix DRY, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Fry's Cocoa, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water slowly, while stirring. Boil for 1 minute. Put in clean, dry jar — cover, cool and keep in ice box.

Chocolate Sundaes
With just a scoop of ice cream, a cherry and a generous lashing of chocolate syrup — mmm-yum, you've got a real chocolate sundae! For a chocolate-mint sundae, deliciously cool, stir a drop of peppermint extract into the syrup.

Chocolate Milk
Simply add a dessertspoon of Fry's chocolate syrup to a glass of cold milk and stir.

FRY'S
THE COCOA WITH THE RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

FRY'S
PURE BREAKFAST COCOA
1 LB. NET
FRY-CARDBURY LTD. MONTREAL

and tea biscuits, were included in Betty McClure's list of 10 prizes. She likes to make muffins best of all so it was one of her favorites, the bran, that she chose to demonstrate to us in her kitchen.

Betty, who is now only 14, prefers quiet hobbies and is less interested in sports than her sister, Lorma. She's an accomplished pianist, and loves to read or sew when she's home.

Here is Betty's Bran Muffin recipe.

Bran Muffins

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
1 cup sour milk
2 tablespoons molasses
1 egg, well-beaten
2 tablespoons butter, melted
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups bran

METHOD: Sift flour, salt, soda and baking powder together twice. Add sugar. Combine the sour milk, molasses and beaten egg and beat well. Make a well in the centre of the dry ingredients and pour in the egg, milk mixture, and melted butter. Add the bran and combine with as little stirring as possible. Fill well-greased muffin tins half full and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 degrees F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

Yield: 12 medium-sized muffins.

Lorma's Special Prize

Lorma McClure, tall and athletic, just graduated from high school, has competed in junior baking contests for several years. As the age for junior contestants must be 16 or under, Lorma last year, then 18, entered the senior competition to win a special \$50 first prize, and second, third and fourth prizes. She was particularly happy about the big prize for her Dark Spice Cake because the other competitors were more experienced home-bakers.

In fact Lorma's success in baking has helped her choose a career. She's starting this fall to train as a Home Economics teacher.

This is how Lorma made her special prize cake.

Dark Spice Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup boiling water
2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
2 eggs, well-beaten

METHOD: Cream the shortening, gradually add the sugar, corn syrup and molasses and mix well. Add the hot water and let stand till lukewarm. Sift the flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices together. Add to the batter in three additions, beating well after each addition. Add the beaten eggs and beat with a rotary beater. Pour into an 8-in. x 12-in. pan lined with waxed and oiled paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 30 minutes. *

For best results use FLEISCHMANN'S ROYAL YEAST



1 package = 1 yeast
cake in any recipe

Always ready for fast baking

• Tender Parker House luncheon rolls, luscious sweet breads—bake them quickly—at any time with Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. No dashing out to the store, at the last minute—Royal stays fresh for weeks without refrigeration. You can bake any time you're in the mood because it's always right there when you need it.

Keep a generous supply handy on the shelf. It will stay full-strength, as fast acting as the day you bought it. Get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.



Above: The McClure sisters plant cabbages in their garden at Killcurry farm, near Brampton.

Left: Lorna McClure turns out her special prize-winning spice cake, while sister Betty spoons the batter into tins ready to bake the bran muffins that brought her top honors. These are their favorites but both have won many prizes at the fair.

FROM THE INSTITUTE

They're Prize Winners

Who says the younger generation can't cook? Meet two Canadian sister-teams who took 27 prizes for their baking at the CNE — and are happy to share the secrets of their prize-winning recipes

by Marie Holmes

Director Chatelaine Institute

AT THE Canadian National Exhibition last year four girls won a total of 29 prizes for their baking. And those prizes, surprisingly enough, were divided between sisters of two families. What's more, the families live just a few miles apart in the vicinity of Brampton, Ontario.

The girls attend the same local schools and have participated together in the project groups sponsored by the Women's Institute branch of that district. Their mothers and fathers are active members, too, of the Brampton Agricultural Association. In fact, it was through this



The McKinney sisters tell Jacqueline Roy of the Institute and Marie Holmes how they make their delicious prize-winning cakes and cookies.

community spirit of the families that the daughters, Ruth and Mary Elizabeth McKinney and Lorna and Ruth McClure, learned to bake.

Several summers ago, just before the schools closed, the mothers were discussing the holiday months ahead. They realized their daughters had grown out of the "little-girl play" stage, yet were not old enough for heavy gardening chores. When one mother suggested cooking lessons, the other replied, "That's a good idea, we could gather enough girls from nearby homes in the district to form a class that would meet regularly." So it was decided and, when the plan developed, the women's section of the local Agricultural Association co-operated by bringing a home-baking demonstrator from Toronto to conduct the classes.

That was a busy, happy summer for the

Brampton girls. They met each week in Mrs. McKinney's big kitchen and Mrs. McClure was there too, to give a helping hand as oven watcher. After the classes were over, five girls of the group—the McKinney sisters, the McClure sisters and Joanne Reed—thought it would be fun to enter the junior baking contest at the CNE. This they did that year and have been competing ever since.

While the McClure and McKinney sisters love to bake, they are typical all-round Canadian schoolgirls. The three eldest, Lorna and Betty McClure, 19 and 14, and Ruth McKinney, 16, have been attending Brampton High School. The youngest, Mary Elizabeth, who will be 12 this fall, is in 6th grade of the little country public school a few concessions from her home.

The four of them are particularly proud of the awards they've received for completing junior projects such as sewing, gardening, handicrafts and scrapbooks sponsored by the Women's Institute. Their mothers, too, are enthusiastic about these extracurricular activities because they believe in a well-balanced education for girls of today.

When the Institute visited their homes, we saw how the gentle, whole-hearted encouragement of the mothers is helping the girls to become efficient homemakers of tomorrow. The fact that both Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. McClure are staunch believers and outstanding examples of true old-fashioned hospitality has a strong influence, already molding the personalities of their daughters. *

Right: Ruth McKinney frosting her white cake with eleven-year-old sister, Mary Elizabeth, beside her, slicing refrigerator cookie dough. They won first prizes in the CNE junior baking contest last year.

Below: They win prizes for their music, too—Ruth for her singing and Mary Elizabeth for piano, competing at the Peel Music Festival each year. Both love the activities of life on their farm, Pioneer Lodge.



Above: With the rolling pin made from a maple knot by her father and presented to her as a girl, Mrs. McClure shows her daughters her pastry secrets. They practice baking in summer holidays.



Right: Dressmaking and bedroom accessory projects are also hobbies the McClure sisters enjoy. Here they're at work in a corner of the family sewing room, finishing a dress and a bureau cover.



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	PRESTO Cooking Time in Minutes	Ordinary Cooking Time in Minutes
VEGETABLES		
Green Beans . . .	3-4	20-25
Sliced Carrots . . .	2-3	10-15
Mashed Potatoes . . .	8-10	30-35
Whole Parsnips . . .	9-10	45-60
MEATS		
Beef Stew . . .	10-12	60-90
2 lb. Meat Loaf . . .	15	60
Fried Chicken . . .	10-15	60
3 lb. Pork Roast . . .	15-20	150-180

Meals of the Month

AUGUST

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SUN 1	Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Brown Toast Coffee	Cream of Chicken Soup Bread Sticks Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce Wedges with French Dressing Cream Cup Cakes Tea	Broiled Steak Buttered New Potatoes Minted Carrots Fresh Fruit Ice Cream with Wafers Coffee
MON 2	Mixed Vegetable Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Celery and Relishes Apple Sauce and Gingerbread Tea	Cream of Green Pea Soup Jellied Meat Mold or Cold Tongue Beet Salad
TUE 3	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Spanish Omelet Coleslaw Brown Rolls Caramel Rennet Custard Tea	Potato Chips Blackberry Shortcake Coffee
WED 4	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Corn on the Cob Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Blueberry Tarts Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Gooseberry Pie Coffee
THU 5	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Casserole of Macaroni and Chipped Beef Cucumber and Onion Slices Bran Muffins Stewed Fruit Tea	Baked Meat Loaf Browned Potato Cakes Swiss Chard Lemon Snow
FRI 6	Cereal with Fresh Berries Brown Toast Coffee	Scotch Broth Cooked Vegetable Salad Sliced Tomatoes Baked Cup Custard Doughnuts Tea	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Prepared Mustard French Fried Potatoes Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Chocolate Pudding Coffee
SAT 7	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee	Casserole of Rice and Tomatoes with Bacon Topping Celery Cherry Turnovers Tea	Steamed Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Potato Balls Green Peas Peach Upside-down Cake
SUN 8	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Hot Biscuits Coffee	Cheese Fondue Tossed Salad Ice Cream Tea	Short Rib Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Berries and Cream Assorted Cookies Coffee
MON 9	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee	Mushroom Soup Vegetable Salad Sandwich Half Grapefruit Layer Cake (leftover) Tea	Cold Sliced Roast Beef Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Apple Pie and Cheese Coffee
TUE 10	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee	Stuffed Tomato Salad Relishes Brown Bread Cheese and Crackers Fresh Fruit Tea	Mixed Grill Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Beets Lemon Sponge Pudding
WED 11	Cereal with Fresh Berries Toast Coffee	Corn Fritters with Tomato Sauce Canned Meat Relishes Apple Sauce Oatmeal Cookies Tea	Browned Hamburger and Onions on Toast Points Creamed Potatoes Spinach Jellied Fruits Coffee
THU 12	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Salad Plate (hard cooked eggs, celery, potato salad and coleslaw) Brown Bread Fruit Tarts Tea	Grilled Sausages Parsley Potatoes Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Boston Cream Pie Coffee
FRI 13	Melon Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Fruit Salad (prunes stuffed with peanut butter, orange and banana sections) Oatmeal Muffins Tea	Baked Whitefish Duchess Potatoes Green Peas Blueberry Pie Iced Coffee or Tea
SAT 14	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Fruit Bread Coffee	Wieners in a Bun Hot Mustard Sauce Lettuce Wedges with French Dressing Fresh Sliced Peaches Cocoa	Broiled Spareribs Boiled Potatoes Braised Celery and Tomatoes Ice Cream Cookies Tea
SUN 15	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Celery, Radishes, Cucumber and Olives Floating Island Tea	Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Green Beans Peach Shortcake Coffee
MON 16	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Cream of Green Vegetable Soup Bread Sticks Lettuce and Tomato Salad Sliced Fruit Platter Refrigerator Cookies Tea	Cold Roast Lamb Mint Jelly Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apple Turnovers Coffee
TUE 17	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee	Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches Relishes Cantaloupe Tea	Shepherd's Pie Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Plum Polypoly Coffee
WED 18	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Lettuce and Tomato Salad with Devilled Eggs Wholewheat Bread Maple Blancmange Tea	Grilled Liver and Kidneys on Toast Points French Fried Potatoes Green Beans Peach Betty Coffee
THU 19	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Fresh Bologna Coleslaw with Green Pepper Chocolate Bread Pudding Tea	Meat Balls Chili Sauce Potatoes Boiled in Jack's Summer Squash Prune Souffle
FRI 20	Chilled Prune Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Fish Chowder Crackers Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Muffins Tea	Tomato Juice Carrot Ring with Green Peas Scalloped Potatoes Cauliflower Johnny Cake
			Coffee



New Method of Making Iced Tea.

Pour 2 pints boiling water over 1 cup of loose tea or 15 individual tea bags, in any 2-quart container. Brew for 6 minutes exactly, then strain. This makes 1½ pints of very strong tea brew.

Dissolve ½ cup of sugar in the hot brew, then dilute with 6 or 7 parts of cold water. Serve with ice cubes, mint leaves and lemon slices. Serves 25.

Or use 2 tablespoons of the strong brew for each glass of iced tea.

To keep tea from becoming cloudy

1. Never put tea in the refrigerator.

2. Don't put concentrated tea and ice cubes together without first adding water to the concentrate or the ice cubes.
 3. Don't brew longer than 6 minutes. The strong brew will remain clear about 3 hours at room temperature.
- For best results store concentrated tea in a vacuum jug.
- If the concentrated tea becomes cloudy, reheat to moderate temperature or add a small amount of boiling water.
- This concentrated tea may also be used for hot tea by diluting with 6 to 7 parts hot water and omitting the addition of sugar.

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1 cup chilled cream
½ cup water
¼ cup crushed strawberries

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Add strawberries, sweetened with sugar. Chill. Add cream. Mix well. Freeze rapidly in freezing unit of refriger-

tor until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray into chilled bowl. Beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit. Before mixture is completely frozen, beat again until smooth. Finish freezing. Serves 5.



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FROM THE INSTITUTE

What
You
Need

by Jane Monteith

Canning



GREAT CARE is necessary when canning nonacid vegetables—which means all vegetables except tomatoes. The process is not a difficult one, but each step must be followed accurately and patiently.

It is particularly important that the tools you use are in good working order and of the proper type. It is never wise to take chances with methods or equipment when canning vegetables.

Tools for preparation—include a wire basket for washing vegetables; a covered kettle for precooking them; sharp knives for peeling; a wooden chopping board; a vegetable brush; measuring cups and spoons.

Pint sealers only are recommended for canning vegetables because they allow enough heat to reach the centre of each jar to process the food completely. The sealers may be of the screw-top or vacuum-seal types and should be free of cracks and nicks.

Test lids and jars to be sure they match for a perfect seal. Replace any defective ones.

Buy new rubber rings each year for all your sealers. They come in two sizes that are designed to fit the different types of jars; be sure you get the right kind.

Tin cans may also be used for canning vegetables. These cans have special linings for use with different foods. Buy "R" or "Standard" enamel cans for beets, pumpkin, squash and sauerkraut; "C-enamel" cans for corn, carrots and green lima beans; and "plain" cans for string beans, asparagus, peas and greens such as spinach and chard.

You'll need can covers with the same kind of lining as the cans. Match covers with cans before you start to work.

Check lids and cans for defects the day before you plan to process. They should not be badly bent, dented or rusty. The gaskets on the lids must not be scratched or torn.

The 20-oz. size cans hold the same amount as pint sealers and are best for vegetables.

A sealing machine is necessary when using tin cans. It should be well made, durable, easy to operate and guaranteed to seal satisfactorily.

Test your sealing machine before using it; put a little cold water in a can, seal it and then immerse the partly filled can (sealed end up) in very hot water. If no bubbles of air come up from the can the machine is sealing properly.

A pressure canner is the only processor recommended for vegetables. High temperatures, achieved only with pressure, are necessary when processing nonacid foods to ensure the destruction of all undesirable bacteria.

Because a pressure canner is a comparatively expensive piece of equipment, it is often used by groups of neighbors who have shared the cost of buying it. A pressure canner will soon pay for itself, however, if you use it to can vegetables from your garden.

Always clean the pet-cock and safety valve by drawing a string through them at the beginning of the canning season—whether your pressure canner is new or old. Repeat frequently.

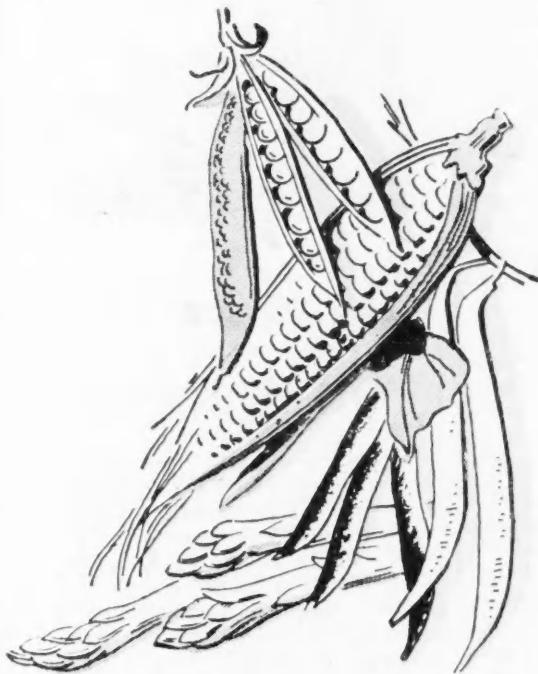
Follow the manufacturer's directions for special care and cleaning of your canner. The booklet that comes with the canner will give all the necessary instructions.

Check the dial gauge at the beginning of each season and also during the season if you use it frequently. It is extremely important that the proper degree of heat is reached inside the canner every time you use it. Since the temperature is controlled by the pressure, an accurate gauge is your only way of knowing that you have achieved the temperature you need.

Before you begin your vegetable canning program, take your gauge to your dealer for checking (or send it back to the factory).

Oddments you'll find handy: a minute minder for checking processing times; oven mitts; a jar or can lifter; a wide-mouthed funnel; a long-handled ladle; labels.

Vegetables



How to Do It

by Jacqueline Roy

THE SECRET of better tasting and looking home-canned vegetables is two-fold. First choose tender freshly picked vegetables, then quickly process them in the pressure canner. "Two hours from garden to can" is a good rule.

To Prepare Vegetables — Wash small lots thoroughly in running water, then peel, stem and cut as desired. Sort as to size before precooking. Precook in boiling water and use cooking water to fill containers. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to each pint container when filled. See accompanying chart.

To Fill Containers — Loosely pack hot precooked vegetables in clean cans or clean hot sealers. Add hot cooking liquid. Run knife around inside of container to remove air bubbles. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to each pint container.

Head Space — Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch head space at top of each glass container for all vegetables except peas and corn,

which require 1 inch. Just cover vegetables with hot cooking liquid. Allow $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch head space at top of each tin can for all vegetables except peas and corn, which require $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Fill can with hot cooking liquid.

To Seal — Completely seal vacuum-top jars, partially seal screw-top jars. Tin cans must be "exhausted" of air before sealing. To do this, place open, filled cans in a large kettle with boiling water about 2 inches below can tops. Cover kettle, bring water back to boiling and boil 10 minutes. Then remove cans, one at a time, and seal on machine immediately.

Process in pressure canner, following manufacturer's instructions for your own canner.

NOTE: Be sure to boil all home-canned vegetables for at least 10 minutes before tasting.

Guide and Table (Pressure Cooker at 10 lb.)

	Directions	Mins. Pts.	Mins. # 2 Can
Asparagus	Wash, tie in bundles; precook 3 mins. in 3 inches boiling water. Pack hot.	30	30
Beans—green and yellow	Wash, trim ends, cut or leave whole. Precook 5 mins. Pack hot.	30	25
Corn—cream style	Husk, remove silk, wash; cut corn from cob, scrape cobs. Add 1 pint boiling water to each quart corn. Bring to boil.	75	90
Corn—kernel	Husk, remove silk, wash. Cut corn from cob. Add 1 pint boiling water to each quart corn. Bring to boil. Pack all corn hot.	60	55
Mushrooms	Wash, peel, slice. Precook 3 mins. (1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt to each quart water). Pack hot.	35	30
Peas—green	Cover peas with boiling water; bring to boil. Pack hot.	45	40
Peppers—green	Wash, remove seeds. Precook 5 mins. in boiling water. Remove skin, flatten; pack hot.	15	10

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The Little Rebel

Continued from page 5

joiner's boy awkwardly presented her with flowers. Instantly she plucked a rose from the bouquet and gave it to him. "The royal way!" murmured an onlooker. And the impulsive gesture was characteristic.

Princess Margaret is quicksilver to Elizabeth's shining steel, mercury to her sister's somewhat militant moods. As a baby she once woke up a dull luncheon party by crawling under the table and tickling the guests' feet. As a teen-ager one has known her to be playing Chopin—she is easily the royal family's best pianist—and break abruptly into boogie-woogie. She has shared many of Princess Elizabeth's lessons in statecraft under the aegis of the Provost of Eton, but she also insisted in taking lessons in tap-dancing—and gained her way. "There have to be some things I can do better than Beth," she asserted.

THIS IRREPRESSIBLE, undeterred individuality of hers has warded off any danger of the "carbon-copy sister" idea. She was only 15, for instance, when she dashed headlong into her first formal public appearance. Princess Elizabeth was ordered to rest following a riding mishap and this meant canceling a review of 4,000 members of a Scottish youth organization. "We can't dis-

appoint all those people!" Princess Margaret decided. "I'll take over!"

"But you mustn't! You've had no experience!"

Such, at least, was the upshot of the discussions. Young Margaret not only deputized effectively but also made an unpremeditated speech, her maiden effort and entirely unrehearsed!

Then there was a flutter when the entire royal family went to the races, and Princess Margaret failed to appear. Telephone calls from news correspondents bombarded Buckingham Palace. Lamely, Court officials explained that, unlike her sister, Princess Margaret had decided she did not care for racing. The truth, it seems, is that the Princess, who once jumped into the palace lake to rescue a dog, was shocked by the foam-flecked condition of the horses, and certainly this impression was not lost on a wide section of the public.

IS SHE, then, such a rebel? Volatile, quickly excited, easily depressed, her parents foresaw the dangers of swamping her personality and have perhaps encouraged divergences. As a child she would sometimes risk doing something she badly wanted to do even if it meant punishment, and afterward sigh with satisfaction, "Oh, but it was worth it!" Recently, when Their Majesties attended the opera and sat in the royal box, Princess Margaret elected to have a seat of her own "downstairs—because



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it's much more comfortable." At the Christmas staff ball, when members of the royal family are supposed to dance with the servants, the Princesses are usually sedately partnered by household officials. But last year Margaret jived repeatedly with a young backstairs page.

The young men—Guards officers and personal friends—who have begun to partner her to private dances and West End restaurants find her amusing on her own account and easy to talk to. "Hold me tighter, for goodness sake!" she sometimes bids nervous new partners on the dance floor, and she performs no mean rumba. Not that she has already been given the freedom of the latchkey. The new Lord Derby, one of the richest young men in England, took her "unaccompanied" to supper at the Savoy not long ago, but he was a notable exception, and I believe he had to "ask Mother" first. Generally, the Princess prefers to go about with a little group of friends—young Lord John Hope, Lord Montagu, handsome Wing-Commander Peter Townsend, Lady Mary Harvey and charming Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott are all constant.

With three of these youngsters recently she went to see Danny Kaye when he was appearing in London, and nothing would suit them but to go backstage afterward and chat with the clowning star. Meeting stage folk brings out her powers of mimicry, and on a spare afternoon she likes nothing better than to ring up a film studio in a mock elderly voice, "Princess Margaret is coming to visit you!" Her keen sense of the ridiculous is never far away even on pompous occasions. During the South African tour the elderly wife of a local official curtsied so slowly that she was almost unable to rise again. Despite a stern glance from Elizabeth, Margaret could not entirely stifle a giggle.

At a luncheon party at which Mr. Churchill was the guest of the King, she unconsciously imitated Winston's manner of speaking until he glared at her across the table. "You must do Mr. Attlee sometime," he murmured on leaving. The Duke of Edinburgh, too, found her a disarmingly ready ally in sharing fun at the sillier side of Palace life—"life in a goldfish bowl," as Margaret once described it. It was, of course, Princess Margaret who acted as go-between when he first sought to break through the barriers of etiquette that surrounded Princess Elizabeth, and by keeping the Queen informed of developments she smoothly paved the way for Philip's proposal.

In this necessarily brief portrait I have said too little of her sincerity and inward depth. She studies the human scene with a shrewdness beyond her 18 years. She is already proving herself a warm-hearted patron of pictorial art, music and the crafts of the home, and letters from girls of her own age within the British Commonwealth have brought to her an awareness of her destiny.

The real test for Princess Margaret, however, approaches with the coming royal tour to Australia. For the first time she will have to play a sustained role without the close, guiding influence of her elder sister. Sophisticated yet disciplined, with a lively sense of fun, but blessed also with an abiding royal sense of responsibility, one does not doubt—as the Empire wishes her "Many Happy Returns"—that she will play her part to brilliant perfection. *

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New Odorono Cream safely
stops perspiration and odor
a full 24 hours!

When Do We Start Living?

Continued from page 33

At dinner Sybil's eyes flicked with satisfaction from Lorraine's unadorned frock to her own. She and Doug tried to talk as if they didn't know of any constraint in the atmosphere. Pete tried, too, not very convincingly. Lorraine had no appetite. When they went out to the lounge she was on the point of going back to the room and coming down again with the despised corsage. She had already made a preliminary move toward it when they saw Mr. Bidgood walking in through the lobby. Pete moistened his lips nervously as he approached, feeling Lorraine's antagonism toward the chief. Sybil began thanking him smoothly, deriving great satisfaction from the impression that she was the favored one. The moment came when Mr. Bidgood inclined expectantly to Lorraine. The words she really ought to say, the simple "thank you," stuck in her throat.

"Oh, it came all right, Mr. Bidgood," she said. "It's safe upstairs. Somehow"—she gestured to the summery dresses and flannels about them, "and on cotton?" she appealed, glancing down at her crisp eyelet embroidery.

"What a serious-minded little wife you have," Mr. Bidgood said to Pete, and Lorraine could feel him breathing normally again. But she knew, and Mr. Bidgood knew that she knew, that he had been defied on his own ground.

It was more a shock than a surprise, then, to have Pete turn up immediately after lunch on Thursday. For a fleeting second she thought he had come to tell her that nothing mattered but their date together. His message was far from that. He told it with a stiff compromise between reproach and defiance.

"You see?" he ended. "He's trying to make it up to you."

Lorraine felt like an icicle.

"You mean," she said, "that he's offering a drive down to Indian Falls and a special dinner at the hotel that he would have been doing anyway, and with a whole crowd of us instead of just you and me rowing over to the island with a few sandwiches."

Pete edgily paced the room, bumping into furniture as he passed.

"We can't keep ourselves to ourselves," he said impatiently. "We can't shut ourselves off into a vacuum. I'm only 32. Why should I vegetate for 32 more years? Besides we have to eat."

Lorraine faced him pleadingly. She said, "I'd rather eat less, Pete, and really live, know when the tide comes in, swim in the sea as nature provides it, and have friends around me who talk my own language. I'd rather have less than sell even my thoughts for the satisfaction of clothes that will wear out, and a car that will be out of date next year."

"Look," said Pete, "we haven't time to discuss social theories. The point is that the expedition's due to leave."

"Once and for all," said Lorraine, whirling to face him, "I will not be bribed. We planned to go to the island this afternoon, and I'm going."

IT WAS then that a rap on the door startled them into a jagged silence. Grimly Pete opened it. Doug stood there, Sybil a pace behind him.

"Excuse us if we seem to intrude," he said. "But the Old Man's beginning to smoke at the nostrils."

Sybil's sharp eyes took in the set of Pete's jaw and the rapid rise and fall of the striped jersey over Lorraine's bosom.

"For heaven's sake," she said. "Aren't you even ready?"

Lorraine clenched her fists behind her back, fighting for control.

"Yes," she said. "I'm ready."

"You don't come to this kind of party in slacks and a jersey," returned Sybil. "It just isn't done, you know."

This was a return crack for last night, but Lorraine was past caring.

"I'm going to my own kind of party."

Pete explained wearily, "It's because I promised her we'd go off together today, and the chief thought this one up instead."

Lorraine wondered how long she could keep up. Then Doug threw in his weight. "Look, Lorraine, can't you give in just this once? For Pete's sake. The Old Man doesn't like to have his plans upset. You ought to know that by now."

"Do you think I could miss it?"

"A hard, worm-eaten rock," said Sybil, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "A boat full of bilge, and sandwiches with ants in them when she could have a flunk bringing her fresh lobster!"

Their opinion of Lorraine was plainly written in their faces: a selfish wife risking her husband's standing because she couldn't have things the way she wanted them.

"It's my own choice," she said. "I'm not asking anyone else to accept it."

"Seems to me," said Doug, "you're asking Pete to accept it, or else."

Lorraine cast a quick, anguished look at Pete standing remote, inscrutable in the shadow by the door.

"No—no, I'm not," she said with a catch of her breath. "Pete is free to decide for himself."

"Well, make up your mind," Doug said, "or there'll be fireworks." He opened the door, but drew back into the room instantly. "Good lord!" he exclaimed. "Here comes the Old Man himself."

"What's the delay?"

MR. BIDGOOD rounded the door briskly as he spoke. With one blink of an eyelid he took in the situation. Characteristically he wasted no time on those of whose attitude he was sure. He knew that the difficulty centred in Lorraine.

"Anything I can do to help matters along?" he enquired. "Everybody's ready—and waiting."

His manner was bland, even kindly, but the cigar he held was being twirled impatiently between thumb and forefinger. Pete, looking drawn and blue about the mouth, stepped forward.

"We're ready, sir," he said, "if you don't mind our—rather informal garb. My wife hasn't—quite had—time to—"

"Glad to have her in any costume she chooses. Now, if you please, let there be no further delay."

Lorraine braced herself.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bidgood." Her voice was clear and defiant. "I'm going to do as my husband and I had planned. Whether he does or not is up to him."

"My dear, you sound as if you are angry with me." His manner was that of a man determined to be patient no matter how great the provocation. "In this world we must occasionally give up things we want to do, you know."

In a sudden illuminating flash Lorraine saw that he, himself, had no intention of giving up anything. He never had. He preached renunciation



MARGARET LOCKWOOD

There Were No Further Lockwoods
In The Subways.



A Toronto newspaperman, now writing film reviews for an English daily, undertook to discover a bevy of new British film stars within one week in the London underground. The sequel and the gist of his report: There are no further Lockwoods, Calverts, Rocs, Kents or Hobsons in the subways.

★ ★ ★

Margaret Lockwood in Canada, as in Britain, is the most popular of filmdom's London beauties. The sleuthing critic could easily have located a second Lockwood but he looked in the wrong spots. She is little Toots, to be found either at home with her mother or in their current picture, *THE WHITE UNICORN*.

★ ★ ★

The best place to discover film stars is in films. Almost all the feminine favorites in the J. Arthur Rank studios now have new pictures nearly ready.

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After her recent Hollywood hits and her great success in *THE SEVENTH VEIL*, Ann Todd will reappear in *DAYBREAK*.

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Phyllis Calvert is starred in *BROKEN JOURNEY*; Jean Kent in *GOOD TIME GIRL*; Joan Greenwood in *SARABAND*.

★ ★ ★

Jean Simmons, of course, plays Ophelia to Laurence Olivier's *HAMLET*.

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Patricia Roc has completed *ONE NIGHT WITH YOU*, co-starred with Nino Martini.

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Hardened film salesmen have just been looking at Valerie Hobson in Technicolor and with Stewart Granger and in *BLANCHE FURY* which they honestly believe to be Miss Hobson at her most magnificent.

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An  Release

for the sake of a goal, but never practiced it.

The knowledge steeled her to answer, "I think I am angry with you." Trying to breathe evenly, to speak levelly, drained her reserves. "Not just because Pete and I haven't had a chance to do one thing we had planned on when we came here, but because I don't think anyone, no matter who he is, has the right to make all the decisions for people or order their lives for them."

Realization of her audacity set her trembling in every fibre. She could have been afraid, but his reply stiffened her again.

"People don't say those things to me, young woman."

He drew his chin in and compressed his lips until no red could be seen.

"They were too afraid," she said courageously. "But I'm not. And that's another thing. No man has any right to so much power over another that he can shut his mouth through fear."

Her breath and her courage ebbed in the same instant. She stood alone, facing them all, a small defenseless figure. Sybil and Doug lifted eyebrows at each other and slipped out. A slow, dark red grew in Mr. Bidgood's face, then died out. A mask of bored indifference remained. When he spoke it was in such smooth tones that Lorraine was made to feel as if she had been screaming.

"My guests have been kept waiting long enough," he said. "If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Shaw." He turned to Pete, patting him on the shoulder. "Well, my boy," he said, "come along as you are."

Without even waiting for the reply he was so sure of, he went out. The utter exhaustion of defeat crept into Lorraine's marrow. He had simply brushed her out of the picture. From now on, as far as he was concerned, she could be ignored. And Pete would go. He had to. The going was more than Lorraine could bear to see. She turned and leaned her head against the blind.

The edges of the slats dug into her forehead. She pressed harder, as if physical pain could counteract headache. Then realization came. Pete was still in the room. He had not followed Mr. Bidgood. Without turning she spoke.

"Pete, you must go. You mustn't keep Mr. Bidgood waiting."

Pete said: "There are a couple of things you and I have to settle before we do anything else."

She turned, and for what seemed an eternity watched him cross the room. She could face up to Doug and Sybil. She could even hold out against the Chief. But she had no strength or inclination left to argue with Pete.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" demanded Pete.

The things she was longing to say—that she loved him so much that if he wanted more than anything else to go Mr. Bidgood's way, his private life should be as untroubled as she could make it—those things couldn't be said now without tears. She could at least spare him that.

"What can I say?"

Pete pounded a fist softly against the footboard of the bed.

"You made me so mad I could have wrung your neck," he muttered. "What kept making me madder was that I knew all the time you were right. Then when they all ganged up on you—with a swift reaching motion he caught her to him—"I couldn't take it."

HAZEL COURT



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*T.M.
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KLEENEX—CHOICE OF 9 OUT OF 10 CANADIANS

"Oh, Pete, the awful things I said to Mr. Bidgood!"

"He's had it coming to him a long time. You made a beautiful job of it, honey."

To be held in his arms again like that, to feel his lips on her hair was almost too good to be true.

"But what about the Octopus and everything?" she ventured at last. "What if—"

"If he cuts up," said Pete, "there's always free-lancing again." He bent to look into her face. "We could work up to mink the hard way, couldn't we?"

Lorraine smoothed the lines between his eyebrows with a caressing forefinger.

"And be free," she said, "to make some of our own choices. Even Sunny-beach, if we wanted it." *

What Love Should Be

Continued from page 6

district, slums and everything. We think two years is long enough for this silly notion of yours. Your father and I want you to come home. If you want to do good, Dale, there are plenty of ways here . . .

"I know there are, mother, but I'm afraid I'm going to stay here."

"Because of Clark, I suppose."

"I suppose so, too."

"Well, give him our love, dear."

When her mother had hung up, Dale stood by the phone, wishing she could give Clark her mother's love. Just a card almost a week ago, postmarked "Greenville," saying he was away and would call her when he got back.

"Hi . . ."

She saw Ted standing in the doorway. "I've spoken to Miss Drake," he said. "I've shaken out the old wallet and I've discovered we're going out."

She looked at him and saw the blue eyes, the thick blond hair. He went to law school during the day and at night, when he wasn't doing something for the settlement house he should be studying. She wished quite irrelevantly that she could close her eyes and open them to find Clark there instead.

"Thank you, Ted, but . . ."

His finger moved along an edge of the desk, his eyes following it. "Did you get the call you've been waiting for?" he asked. "Not that it's any of my business."

Was that how obvious she was? Did they all know that she lived for a telephone call? For a man who . . . "Of course I'm going with you," she said. "Give me 10 minutes." The dress her mother had sent her, the one she'd been saving to wear with Clark . . .

When they stepped from the cab—and that had been a rank extravagance but still a part of the recklessness which possessed them—they entered a hotel and were whisked in an elevator to the roof. There, from a table under the awnings, they looked out on the dancers

"This," Dale said, "is life as I once knew it."

"Let's dance," Ted suggested.

With his arm around her, Dale had to remember that this wasn't Clark. This was Ted who had shaken out the wallet. "Hasn't there ever been a girl," she asked him, "who was the light of your life, Ted?"

He nodded and grinned at her. "Her name was Suzie and she was seven years old. She had a dog named Saturday who

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had sandy hair and six toes on each paw and . . ." He faltered.

Dale laughed. "Go on." Then she looked up and saw that he was nodding to someone behind her.

"As I was remarking," he went on, "I don't think so much of this place, do you? Shall we skip it and try somewhere else?"

"I think it's a lovely place!" And then she realized. "You saw Suzie!"

"Yup, I saw Suzie."

Someone brushed by. Someone said, "I beg your pardon . . ." She looked up because of the familiar voice and saw that the someone was Clark and that he was with a girl—a lovely girl . . .

"Clark," Dale said.

"Dale . . ." There was surprise in that nice voice of his, but pleasure, too. "I thought you were home, sound asleep. I want you to meet Betsy Lloyd. I saw Ted, but I didn't know you were with him. How about the next dance? Ted . . . Betsy."

They shook hands; they said nice things to each other and in less than a single breath Dale knew just what the girl was like—private schools, summer camps, sailboats, open cars, grey eyes, a sheen to the golden hair, a catch in the throat to the unwary. She felt Ted's hand beneath her elbow, steering her away from the dance floor.

"We're here," Clark said, stopping by a table. He looked down at Dale smiling as only he could, wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, the slow grin which transformed his face. "Hello . . ." he said. "Hello, Dale."

She couldn't look at him; she couldn't smile in return. She hated him for hurting her . . . for letting her believe . . . She looked instead at Betsy and knew in that instant her measure was being taken by this new girl. Their eyes met and the girl smiled. "I've been trying to place you," she said. "Somehow you look familiar."

"She isn't," Clark laughed. "She comes from the coast and you've never been west of Montreal, have you Betsy?"

"Well, see you later," Ted said. "We're right over here." They went back to their own table. A waiter brought food and Ted talked.

Dale looked down at the steak covered with mushrooms. She crumbled a roll and watched Ted's face, without seeing him. She tried desperately to assemble her thoughts. She didn't hate Clark—she loved him. She had ever since she was 18. He'd always known what he wanted—to be a doctor and she'd known what she wanted—Clark.

"By the way," Ted said, "I didn't know old sawbones came from your part of the country."

"He doesn't. He came to visit us one summer when he and my brother Lee were in college together." She looked over at the table where Clark and the girl were sitting. "She's very attractive, isn't she, Ted?"

He laughed. "Soft, pampered. I've seen her around before." He looked at her plate. "Steak! Eat!"

She picked up her fork. Soft and pampered! That's what she'd been, too, in the pre-Clark era. Evenings in long dresses, mornings in bed, knowing everyone, going everywhere . . . Hello, Dale, Clark had said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to appear with a strange and lovely girl.

"Why is it," Ted asked, "that the

soft and pampered ones always seem so attractive to the casual eye?"

She knew Ted wanted her to laugh—so she did. She cut her steak. "I was pampered once. Clark told me I was a softie."

"If you're a softie . . ."

"Not now." She shook her head and looked down at her unpolished nails, and heard the music beginning again.

"They're coming," Ted said. "You want to dance this with Clark, don't you?"

She nodded and got up. Clark held her hand leading her between the tables and then his arm was around her and she smelled the tweedy antiseptic fragrance of him. Nothing else mattered—not Betsy, nor spring, nor waiting.

"Been busy, darling?" she asked. What an understatement!

He nodded, his chin against her hair.

WEEK AFTER week for two years she had lived with the unwashed hands, the safety-pinned clothes of the tenements, the boiled potatoes and red flannel hash of a settlement house to prove—what? To be near him, if she told the truth.

She felt a finger beneath her chin and knew Clark was looking down at her. "You can ask about Betsy," he said. "You can ask how come I'm out with another girl."

She looked back into his face and knew from his quietness that he was really seeing her—the face with the brown eyes, the smooth hair with the velvet band around it, seeing her, the girl who loved him. For years she'd known his integrity. She loved him. She always would. No matter what the explanation was. And love didn't have to ask questions. Love didn't probe, didn't doubt, didn't have to prove itself over and over. That is what he had told her.

She smiled at him. "No questions."

"Good girl."

She saw Ted and Betsy dancing near them. "Is she nice, Clark?" she asked. "Give you rumblings in the cardiac region?" That, of course, was what she really wanted to know.

"Only scientifically."

Why, of course! "A patient?"

"Uh-huh."

"She doesn't look as if she needed a doctor."

"I'm glad of that," Clark said.

"Ted told me he's seen her around."

"Could be. She's a party girl."

"But you don't like party girls."

He leaned back then so he could see into her face. "Hello, Dale," he said. "Tell me about your children."

She didn't want to tell him about her children. She had something else on her mind. "I was a party girl once. Remember? And you uprooted me. You told me about the people on the wrong side of the tracks. You made me want to do something for them . . ."

"And now you're doing it."

"I could go back to being a party girl and think it was heavenly."

He shook his head and laughed at her. "You couldn't."

"At the drop of a hat," she said, not smiling. He wasn't handsome, she thought. Take his face apart and he didn't have a single perfect feature, but it was something . . . She'd thought she was much bigger than she really was, but now she knew. She should have asked the questions. She was human and weak, with a flaw in her heart.

* Continued on page 49

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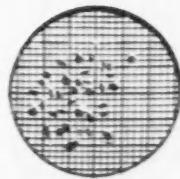
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Q. What does a blood count tell your doctor?



A. Checking the number, size, shape, and condition of your blood cells is called a blood count. The number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin in them is one of the indices which help reveal your general physical condition. A count of white cells may be of value in diagnosing certain diseases. It is sometimes combined with the sedimentation test, which establishes the time taken by blood cells to settle.

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How to Save Money

by John Caulfield Smith
Home Planning Editor



Buying a House

ANYONE PLANNING to buy a new house financed under the National Housing Act will find it worth while to check whether or not it is built under the Dominion Government's "integrated housing" plan. Because if it is, it'll sell for nearly 20% less than a similar house built with a regular National Housing Act loan.

This is because the Government controls the selling price. The "integrated" builder agrees to limit the profit on each house he builds. In return, he gets a bigger loan from the Government than he ordinarily would, and so is able to put up more houses. This helps the buyer of the house in two ways. First, he benefits by getting the most generous National Housing Act terms available.

Second, he comes in on the savings that result from large-scale construction.

To encourage builders to use the "integrated" plan, the Government recommends priorities on essential building materials, and forgoes its usual "hold-back" of the last advance of mortgage funds made to the builder. It also agrees to buy any house that is unsold at the end of a set time. At present some 350 builders are erecting—or have erected—about 10,000 houses all across the country under the plan.

Veterans are preferred buyers, but in some cases nonveterans are eligible. The buyer deals only with the builder and the lending company through which the builder has obtained his NHA loan. The buyer simply pays the down payment required by the builder, and (subject to the approval of the lending company) takes over the mortgage. It's paid off in monthly installments, like rent, in 20 or 30 years.

Buying a Lot

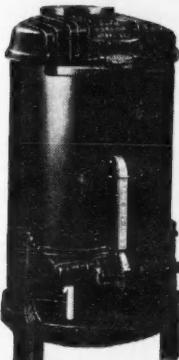
INDIVIDUALS who build houses for themselves, as well as "integrated" and other builders, benefit from the Dominion Government's land assembly plan. Under this scheme, life insurance and other lending companies buy raw land on the outskirts of cities and towns, subdivide it along modern lines, build roads, and install water mains and sewers. The lots sell for little more than the actual cost of the land plus its development. Buyers must start construction within a specified period, however.

Since the cost of the services is included in the price of the lot, the usual local improvement taxes are eliminated. For example, near Toronto, land assembly lots sell for \$10 to \$15 per foot less than nearby, partially serviced lots. Similar savings are offered by other



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What Love Should Be

Continued from page 47

"I've been wondering," he said, "if perhaps your place wouldn't be good for Betsy. It might take her mind off herself."

"She shouldn't have her mind on herself."

"I drove to Greenville to bring Betsy home," Clark said.

"Don't tell me. I didn't ask."

"You didn't ask. I'm telling you. She's pulling through something and she needs help. Perhaps you remember it was her father who taught me surgery. I'd crawl on my hands and knees for him if he asked me to."

"Tonight was the first night of spring and I wanted something wonderful to happen . . . I wanted you to call me. I wanted to see . . . you."

"And Ted . . ."

"I didn't want Ted. I wanted—Clark."

"We don't always get what we want," he said.

He was looking at her, but he wasn't seeing the girl who loved him now. There was hardness in his face. The music stopped and they stood apart. "Don't let's quarrel," Dale said quietly.

She saw the effort it took, but he smiled at her. "For seven days I've fought with Betsy. I've walked with her, talked to her, read, stayed up until dawn with her and when she was asleep, I tried to think up new ways to help her fight. I'm going to stick with it until she finds herself."

Maybe, Dale told herself, that's what he did for me. It could be that I'm the only one in the world who thinks I'm Clark's girl. Maybe I'm just the forerunner of Betsy, another girl he helped to find herself . . .

"Will you talk to Miss Davis?" he was asking. "Will you see if she can use Betsy?"

"We love volunteers," Dale replied.

THEY MET Ted and Betsy at the edge of the dance floor. "Hi, Bets," Clark said, and Dale saw the adoration in the girl's eyes. "Tomorrow I'm getting you a job."

"Shall I like it?"

"Ask Dale."

"You'll love it," Dale said steadily.

Clark laughed. "We're running along now. My patient needs sleep, but we'll see you tomorrow. Good night, Ted . . . Dale."

Clark and Betsy were gone and shortly after Dale left with Ted. Sitting in the taxi beside him she listened to Ted telling her something about Betsy. Those deep grey eyes were attractive. Had she noticed how bright they were? He'd remarked about it and she'd told him they were always that way—even after she'd been drinking for three days—probably a patient of Clark's, Ted said, no one to get excited about.

Dale listened for awhile and then let her mind go relentlessly back to the beginning, to that first summer when she'd followed Clark around like a shadow, when she'd shown him in naive ignorance that he was someone new and wonderful who had happened to her. Driving Lee and him to the country club, going around the course with them, adoring, listening to every word they said, being, she realized now, a consummate nuisance to them both; forsaking the people her own age,

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remembering what she had said to Clark that last night:

"When I fall in love," she'd said, "it's going to be with someone just like you, Clark."

He'd laughed at her. And Lee had called her a silly adolescent. She'd laughed back because she'd wanted to agree with them about everything. The next May she'd graduated from school and in June had her debut. Lee and Clark were there for it, college behind them, Lee going into the Navy and Clark to medical school. It was the last time the three of them were together. She'd learned a little finesse by that time. She had all the dates a debutante has, she came in dewy-eyed at three or four in the morning; she'd filled the house with her friends; she'd dashed from one excitement to the next. She was being a woman-of-the-world, desired and desirable. And one night Clark had kissed her and her worldliness had crumbled.

"Do you love me, Clark?" she'd asked him.

"I don't know why I should," he'd replied. "You'd make a rotten doctor's wife. You're possessive and distracting and too expensive. You're a softie."

From then on she'd tried to convince him. She blushed with shame, thinking of it now—the week ends she'd manoeuvred to see him, the endless, fascinating talks, the love she'd built up; the battles with her family to take courses, the burning idealism she'd seen as her goal. But she'd been fooling herself. Clark had always been the goal. The final arrangement when her courses were finished, her mother's coming to establish her in the settlement house room with the washbasin in the corner, the pine bureau, the painted floor.

"I can't believe it," her mother had said and kept her dainty, feminine presence at a distance from the children who swarmed in the playrooms. "You can't stay here, darling."

But she'd stayed. Clark was finishing medical school that first year and she'd seen him almost every day. She'd loved the settlement house and Miss Davis. When Clark's internship began, he'd explained that he'd call her when he could; that he was going to be busy and she was to be good. At first they'd managed to be together twice a week, gradually only once a week, and as the months went on, their time together had dwindled to mere snatches. She hadn't seen it clearly until this very moment and she wondered at her great blindness.

"And so," Ted was saying, "you can see what it meant to her when Clark took her under his wing . . ."

"Ted," Dale said, "if Betsy Lloyd comes down to the settlement house, will you help her, will you tell her about the children—especially about Joseph?"

"Well, sure, but . . ."

"I'm going home for awhile."

She saw the sudden startled look on his face and then the smile. "Do you good," he said. "You haven't had a vacation since you came."

"I'm going to sleep late mornings and have my breakfast on a tray in bed; I'm going to take the car and drive and drive. I'm going to the lake and lie in the sun for hours, watching the summer come and not give a darn . . ." Suddenly she was crying.

"Don't . . ." Ted said.

She dabbed at her eyes. "Forgive me." "You'll be all right tomorrow," he

assured her. "It's spring. It gets everyone."

Dale could recall easily the low vibrant voice of Betsy Lloyd, the entire glamourous reality of her, smell the heavenly perfume. Once she had been just like that and that's how she was going to be again. She was going home and if Clark wanted her, he could come for her. And if he didn't . . . She couldn't think about what would happen if he didn't . . .

The full moon shed its light over the settlement house when they got out of the cab, silhouetting its solidity, erasing all the shabbiness in its soft brilliance. Dale looked up and remembered all the times she'd been happy there.

They ambled up the steps and through the big scarred door. They said good night. Dale started up the stairs and then turned and looked back. "Thank you, Ted," she said, "for being just as you are." She leaned over and kissed him swiftly and went up to her room, quickly.

As she reached her door, she saw a form scuttling ahead of her toward the third-floor stairway. "Dominic," she called, because she knew that lean lankness could be no one else.

The figure turned.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm all right."

She walked toward him. "Why aren't you in bed?"

He stood, head up, waiting until she reached him and then he spoke. "Ted took you out. I saw you gettin' in a taxi together."

"Yes, you probably did."

"Well, somethin's goin' on around here. I know who your regular fella is and it's not him." He shifted his weight and put his hands behind him. "It's Doctor Clark."

This was the really bad boy, the boaster, the bully, the untrustworthy one with the devious secret thoughts. "I don't know what's bothering you," Dale said, "but . . ."

"Nothin's botherin' me . . ."

She laughed. "Nothing's bothering me either except your prowling around at midnight. Go to bed. Good night."

Without another word he turned and took the steps two at a time to the dormitory on the third floor. Dale went back to her room, reminding herself that these boys didn't judge by the standards she'd known all her life. Honor and loyalty and all the ordinary virtues had been twisted and obscured in their lives. And something was bothering Dominic which wasn't clear to her.

She got undressed and knew that soon it would no longer be her problem what these settlement children thought or what they did. She tried not to see on the bureau the pin cushion the Marinelli child had made for her, the red geranium on the windowsill, Tony's father had sent to repay for the endless buttons she sewed on for his motherless child, nor to remember the countless handkerchiefs with crocheted borders they'd given her at Christmas. They would be no part of her future. With great relief, she saw how easy it was. It was simply a matter of packing a trunk, taking a train—a matter of propinquity only which involved her. Propinquity to the children and to Clark. He'd told her fine things about what love should be. Well it should be that for him as much as it was for her. She put her head in her pillow and cried out her loneliness. After

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breakfast she'd tell Miss Drake that she was going . . .

But after breakfast Miss Drake departed with a cheery farewell. She was off on one of her routine chores. Ted had gone to law school. When she comes back, I'll tell her, Dale promised herself and started on her routine. She inspected the dormitory for neatness; she started the boys on their various tasks and when they'd finished, took them into the fenced yard behind the settlement house for a baseball game.

She stood out of the way and watched them—noisy, gauche and graceful in their absorption, Joseph a little slow, anxious, eager. Once he reached to catch a high ball and looked over to see if she had noticed, smiling at her. I'll miss Joseph, she thought. He's so vulnerable . . . he needs love more than all the rest put together.

SHE LEFT them and went into the house. It was Saturday and at 10 o'clock the place would be swarming with children—the girls for their cooking class. Miss Drake would be back before then to take care of the boys and their woodworking. She started her preparations but was interrupted by the doorbell. Someone always came ahead of time.

Dale opened the door and saw Betsy Lloyd standing outside—Betsy in a cool green suit and crisp frilly blouse. "Hello," she said, "has Clark come?"

Dale shook her head in surprise.

"He said he'd meet me here." Betsy came into the hall and stood, looking around. "I once did something like this to please my father but never with my heart in it." She sniffed the air. "Smells just the same."

Dale looked at her coldly. "Do you want to wait here for Clark or would you like to come out to the kitchen with me? I'm getting ready for a class."

Betsy thought about it. "Couldn't you sort of show me around?"

"If you'll wait a minute." She went back to the kitchen, with Betsy following her. "Clark tells me you're really good at this," Betsy said.

Dale got out the mixing bowls, the spoons. "Did he?"

"Tell me just one good thing about it, will you?"

"The children," Dale said. "They're the whole answer." She cut the shortening into squares and laid them on waxed paper.

"But you really never make a dent . . . they don't really care!"

"You're wrong. They do care. They smother you with affection—they adore you—they bring you all kinds of presents—each one wants you to like him best . . ."

Betsy sighed. "I wouldn't try it for anyone in the world but Clark."

I wouldn't have either once, Dale told herself, trying not to think.

And at that instant the door to the kitchen banged open and a boy ran into the room. "Miss Dale, come quick," he said breathlessly. "Tony . . . I mean Dominic . . . Joseph . . . they're going to kill him . . ."

Dale dropped the knife she had in her hand and flew from the kitchen after him, along the hall, down the steps, around the house to the playground. Before she reached it, she saw the two boys rolling in the sand, heard the yelling. It was Dominic and Joseph. She stepped around them, avoiding the pounding feet. "Dominic," she said



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sternly. "Dominic!" Joseph's arm came up and landed with a sickening thud on the other boy's mouth. Dale reached and caught the arm. "Joseph!" She saw the sleeve torn from his shirt, the blood on his knuckles. She pulled with all the force she could muster and brought him to his feet.

He stood panting, looking down at Dominic, paying no attention to her. Dominic got slowly to his feet, wiping his hand across his mouth. "I didn't start it," he mumbled. "He did," pointing accusingly at Joseph.

"It's disgusting," Dale said angrily. "I'm ashamed."

"It was Joseph's fault," someone said. "He started it . . ."

"He did not. Dominic called her a two-timer."

"Who?" Dale asked.

"You," Joseph said. "You, Miss Dale, and I punched him in the mouth." His eye was almost closed from a bruise over it.

Dominic limped over. "You ask her," he said. "Here's your chance."

Joseph shook his head.

"Okay, I will," Dominic said. He turned to Dale. "I've seen you comin' home with Dr. Clark . . . I've seen you kissin' him, haven't I?"

"Shut up," Joseph yelled. "Shut up."

Dale felt a flush mounting in her cheeks. "Not unless you spied."

"I spied. And then last night I saw you kissin' Ted, didn't I?"

"You didn't." Joseph raised his fist and brought it against Dominic's chest. He didn't doubt her, he didn't ask questions. No matter what the evidence was, he believed in her.

Dale stepped between them and held them apart. "Yes, I kissed Ted. Dominic told the truth." She looked at Joseph's bruised eye and Dominic's swollen mouth. "Come in with me," she said, "and I'll give you something to bathe your wounds. I'm sorry you fought." She leaned down and kissed Joseph's cheek and then Dominic's. She smiled at the other boys. "And now that I've kissed them, too," she said, "I suppose that makes me a double two-timer!"

Dominic rubbed a finger over his cheek and stared at her. "What did you do that to me for?"

"To show that I have no hard feelings toward you for spying, for repeating what you saw—to show I forgive you." She looked at Joseph. "Shake hands with Dominic to show that you have no hard feelings either, Joseph."

Joseph put out his hand, but Dominic held back. "Go on," the other boys yelled. "Go on . . . he's not a sissy now."

"Okay." Dominic shook the outstretched hand and surprised everyone by putting his other arm around Dale's shoulders. The boys doubled up with laughter. "Look!" they said to each other. "Look!"

In the confusion, Dale spoke to Joseph. "Thank you for believing in me," is what she said aloud, but in her heart she was thanking him for much more—he had done something wonderful for her just as he had wished. She wasn't going home; she wasn't going to be a sissy either; she wasn't going to let Clark's first attractive patient throw her—he'd probably have thousands in a lifetime.

She turned and saw Betsy and Clark walking toward her from around the corner of the house. "Hi, darling," she

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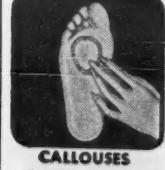


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called and led the boys up to him. "This," she told them, "is Miss Lloyd, our new volunteer."

Dominic looked at Betsy and whistled. Betsy looked steadily back at him. "You're bleeding," she said. "You're a mess . . ."

"It was a little accident," Dale explained.

"It wasn't no accident," Dominic corrected her. "Joseph and I were fighting over Miss Dale, doc. We were stickin' up for you because you're her regular fella."

Clark put back his head and laughed hugely. "Was there some doubt about it?" he asked.

"Run along, boys," Dale said, "and clean up. I'll be in."

They started obediently off, and then

Dominic turned and looked at Betsy raising his thumb over his shoulder in a beckoning motion. "Aw, come on," he said. "Give 'em a break."

Betsy looked in a startled way at Clark. "Shall I go and tell him off?"

"You can try," Dale told her. "Maybe you're just what he needs, Betsy."

Clark laughed quietly as he watched Betsy go off with the boys. "And maybe Dominic is just what she needs . . ."

"She can have Dominic," Dale said. "I'll have Joseph."

"Joseph?" Clark looked quizzically at her over his shoulder. "Don't you think you have me?"

"Joseph," Dale said, without any doubt now, "and you." *

35! Smoking Fireplaces : Stained Walls

Our Home Planning Editor tells what to do about them and answers other problems from readers

Question—The fireplace in our basement recreation room seems to smoke a great deal. Could you suggest a remedy?

Answer—Providing your fireplace has been well designed and constructed, the furnace may be to blame. This is especially likely if it's located in an adjoining room. You see, a great deal of fresh air is required for combustion, and the furnace is probably getting it by sucking it down the chimney of your recreation room fireplace. Another source of supply—say a window or ventilator in the furnace room—must be provided before the fireplace will operate satisfactorily.

Question—How can I keep rain water from washing down over my copper screens and staining the wall below?

Answer—Before erecting the screens each spring, they should be given a coat—each side—of lacquer or varnish. Care should be taken to see that the mixture isn't thick enough to clog the mesh.

Question—What type of paint finish is best for a child's bedroom which must also serve as a nursery?

Answer—A flat finish gives a soft, diffused effect but generally speaking, won't stand up under soap and water as well as a semigloss or gloss finish. Since washability is an important factor in choosing a decorative scheme for a child's room, I suggest the finishes used be flat for the ceiling, semigloss for the walls and gloss for the woodwork.

Question—I'd like to replace my present old-fashioned burner, but would it be hard to get an oil contract if I did?

Answer—According to a large supplier of fuel oil in the Toronto area, you'd have no difficulty in renewing your contract if you installed a modern burner.

Question—My brick walls are stained with a white, frostlike substance. How can it be removed?

Answer—Stains left by efflorescence on brick walls can be taken off with a solution composed of 1 part muriatic acid to 6 parts water. A fibre brush should be employed and gloves and goggles must be worn to protect hands and eyes. Avoid the mortar as much as possible and, when finished, remove all traces of acid by rinsing the wall with a solution of 1 part commercial ammonia to 16 parts water.

Question—I have a gravity warm-air furnace, but it fails to heat one of the back rooms. What might be wrong?

Answer—Possibly the duct delivering warm air to the room is too small in size, is too long, or has too gradual a slope from the furnace. Installing a larger duct, or adding another duct may be the solution, but you'd be well advised to consult a reputable heating contractor who can visit the house and make an accurate analysis of the problem.

Question—The floor in my living room is sagging badly. What should I do?

Answer—Sagging floors result from insufficient support, or the settling of structural members. Beams and piers may not be numerous or strong enough to carry the required load.

Every case must be judged on its own merits—in one an intermediate support may solve the problem; in another, additional beams and piers may both be necessary. An existing beam that's structurally unsound can be replaced by a new one of correct proportions, or a pier can be built underneath it. Piers of brick or concrete are better than wood posts. They need proper concrete footings, of course, and should not be built directly on the basement floor.

Question—How can I make a chart of the electrical circuits of my house?

Answer—The chart should show the fuses in the fuse box and the circuits they control. Turn on all the lights in

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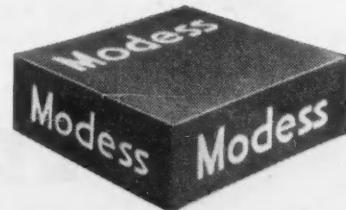
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the house and by removing one fuse at a time and noting which lights go out you'll discover which fuse has to be replaced when need arises. Always cut the current at the main switch, being careful not to touch any of the metal parts, before handling live fuses. And never replace "blow-outs" with pennies or other dangerous substitutes.

Question—I would like to have an asphalt tile floor laid in my basement recreation room. Can I do the work myself?

Answer—You can, but for best results you should employ a reputable flooring contractor. He knows how to meet the various problems which may arise in connection with damp, dusty or uneven floors, and will give an estimate of the cost without obligation.

Question—Every winter lives are lost in burning homes. How can I take precautions against my house catching fire?

Answer—Many fires can be prevented through proper inspection and maintenance of home heating systems. A spokesman for the Canadian Institute of Plumbing and Heating says, "For the safety of his family, every home owner should have his heating system thoroughly cleaned and inspected during the summer. All repairs should be completed and all dangerous fire hazards removed." He advises against postponing this work till fall, since heating contractors cannot attend to all homes at once, and may not be able to make necessary replacements immediately.

Question—Would I save fuel by weather-stripping my windows?

Answer—Yes, indeed. The cracks that surround the window sash of an average house are the equivalent of an exterior wall opening the size of a kitchen sink! Weather-stripping by any approved method will cut down on the amount of heat lost, and will thus save fuel. Draughts will also be reduced. *

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COMING!

WHAT MAKES WOMEN SO BLOODTHIRSTY?

Trent Frayne, top Canadian sports writer has some startling ideas about the women who buy more than a quarter of the seats for wrestling matches.

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The technique of courting, written by a noted marriage Counselor.

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Fashion Shorts

a preview of trends

Cast your eye on fall. And the promise of a modified new look. Gather your skirts in and up. They spin not, neither do they droop. Twelve to 14 inches above street level is their graceful length.

Who was it who said we look before and after and sigh for what is not? It's that after-glance that's important this season. Toward the back fullness of slim-hipped dresses . . . of coats that are deceptively flat in front, flatteringly flared in back.

Suits go classic as of yore. But not so tailored as not to round at shoulders, incurve at waist, and take note of hips. With rich-looking braid for a pleasantly feminine accent at pockets and collar.

Fitted coats share the fashion picture with full-length loose peignoirs. Attention focuses on chin-chin collars that go up and over. On gauntlet cuffs that are high, wide and handsome. Speak of a lavish hand!

Pampered pet of designers is the capelet coat. Detach the big-as-a-minute fur or fabric cape. Attach to blouse or suit—you have a double-header.

You're invited to a quilting bee. By your rustling taffetas and gleaming satins. Which get stylishly wadded at hem, waist or shoulders. Or take a cue from quilted summer cottons in an all-over pattern.

Crisped with taffeta lining will be the back drapes, peplums and hems of fall. Stiffening puts spine in the gentle new silhouette. And is a modification of the Paris idea which lines the dress throughout.

It's called Victorian green, the queenly shade of autumn's princess coat. With regally wide collar and spacious pouch pockets of Persian lamb. The fur flies this year . . .

Aprons go glamourous. As flattering overskirts flat in front . . . fluttering behind. Another pretty way of looking backward.

From the neck down descends the new neckline. Splits at the exotic mandarin collar, plunges deeply. Fascinating, nobody can deny.

More ornamental than useful are buttons. Polished to a fare-thee-well to accent back drapes, play ring-around-the-rosy with hems. Button, button, you've got the button.

The yoke's on you. Doubly effective front and back on your smart tailored wools. Meeting under the arms for continuity of purpose. It's a line you'll like. ♦



GOING INTO FALL . . . in Chesterlaine . . . an almost sheer, very lightweight English broadcrepe by Gordon Mackay. This fabric (all worsted pure wool) has a smooth, longwearing weave, is firmly woven, and especially suitable for tailored casuals. Here you see it in Simplicity Pattern No. 2329 featuring the new softened shoulders, deep-cuffed wristbands and gently rippling skirt.

Inspiration for much of this back-sliding is French Master Watteau. Whose dates, if you care, are 1684-1721. He can also take credit for the shepherdess hat. A forward-pitched flat brim, peaking slightly in the centre. You should do your window-shopping in the museum.

The big excitement is iridescent taffeta. Changing colors before your eyes. Iridesce in beautiful blues, greens and browns.

The Gold Rush is over. And gilded shoes and bags that were accessories after the fact this summer yield to burnished bronze. Co-operating with the mellow hues of Keats' favorite season. ♦

Smart children wear

Monarch-Knit

SWEATERS

Famous for Quality
Foremost in Style

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO

Expansion Program . . .



WHETHER YOU'RE at the beginning or near the end of that nine-month stretch you'll want one . . . perhaps all . . . of these new and different maternity necessities.

A wrap-around housedress, **Number 2460**, has its bodice gathered at upper front edge and extended shoulders cut in one with yoke. Both yoke and shoulders are of contrasting material.

There's good camouflage in **Number 2302**, a dress and jacket, both of the same inconspicuous material. Dress has a front-buttoned short-sleeved bodice and front-gathered skirt. Special allowance for expansion is made by means of a tie belt which is stitched to centre front only, hanging loosely from side front. The jacket has a very deceiving fullness which swings out from the body at the back.

No style is more flattering than a jumper made of dark material, worn with a variety of blouses. **Number 2459** has a square-necked bodice softly pleated at back waistline. Front-button closing extends down into gathered skirt to form an extra pleat. Snaps at front waistline give extra fullness.

A welcome change so comfortable for lazy hours, is this slack suit, **Number 2458**. Its top has a flared back and shoulder yoke releasing front gathers. The slacks are pleated at front waistline with gusset inset to allow for adjusting.

No lingerie problem in this set, **Number 2451**. The slip has a back opening and is adjusted with tie ends at either side. Its bra top is faced, the skirt softly flared. Panties have elastic casing at back waistline, are regulated to fit by buttoned pleats at front waist.

Pattern descriptions and details for ordering on page 59.

IS AN *Upsweep*
BEST FOR YOU?



YES! If you have a short, pert, square or diamond shaped face.
NO! If your face is round or long and narrow. Pile your upsweep high for added height and an oval look. Keep curls soft and concentrate on side fullness to flatter angular features. **SEND NOW FOR THRILLING FREE BOOKLET! "HAIR STYLES THAT GLORIFY THE SHAPE OF YOUR FACE?"**



Back again! The exclusive **Goody Elastic Clasp Curler** that's best for every hair-do!

★ **Won't Slip!** The curler locks close to head without roll back.

★ **Every Size Curler!** From tiny to giant curlers for every size curl.

★ **Holds More Hair!** Elastic Clasp permits more hair to be rolled into each curl.

★ **Exclusive!** Only Goody gives you this Elastic Clasp Curler!

LOOK FOR
GOODY WAVE
CLIPS, BAR-
RETTES AND
GRIP-FAST
COMBS.

FOR BETTER
HAIRDRESSING
AIDS BETTER
REACH FOR
GOODY!



At notions counters of 5 and 10c stores and dept. stores and druggists everywhere.

GOODY PRODUCTS
260 Spadina Ave., Dept. 2C, Toronto 2B, Ont.

You Can Play Better Bridge

Continued from page 3

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When you have no bid, pass in a uniform manner. People tend to run amuck in a bevy of favorite terms: "I pass"; "Bye me"; "Content here" and so on. Some just rap on the table like mad. "Pass" is actually correct, but as long as you use any one expression consistently, you can be pretty sure you're not giving the show away.

6. Systems: Many beginners feel they can't react to a stranger's bid unless they know what system he uses. Actually, 90% of the bidding is common to all systems. It's quite usual though to hear a newcomer address the table, "Do you bid the strong or the weak original One No Trump?" This bid is one of the points of difference in the systems. Its meaning is so wide that it's been counted as standing for anything from two and a half honor tricks up to five. But whatever meaning you take, stick to it; and if you're uneasy about your partner compare your interpretations before the rubber begins.

Once a hand is started, it's improper to ask your partner what system he plays by, but you can ask your opponents about their bids. The experts do. Under the etiquette of the game, two people playing together may not have a hidden meaning for any bid. Therefore if you don't understand a player's bid you may ask his partner what he thinks the bid means and the player who made the bid leaves the table while the explanation is made. In the case of novel or experimental bids particularly, you'll find this is a very good way to learn about new systems.

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Don't rearrange the cards—in so doing you may appear to be indicating a play.

Don't ask your partner to show you his hand, and don't wander around peeking over shoulders. Your main duty as dummy is to watch that your partner doesn't revoke.

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Never worry about spoiling a foursome by cutting in. A 20-minute session is enough for one group.

If you wish to chat, do so while the cards are being dealt. Never talk during the bidding or important plays.

Find out first if you mean to call penalties—they're fine needlers if you want to improve your game.

Take care of your hands. Good grooming shows up handsomely at the bridge table. When you're right up on top of people a hangnail can be as distracting as a twitchy thumb.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, even finest soaps
and soap shampoos hide the
natural lustre of your hair
with dulling soap film.**



• Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film! • Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

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Continued from page 3

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Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

School's In . . .



Pattern descriptions and details for ordering on page 59

A MATTER of days now before the big back-to-school flurry and the clothes problem. Here's a thoughtful group of styles planned for the kindergarten crowd right up to high-school age.

Number 2530, just what a Grade Four miss wants this season. It's a one-piece frock, dart-fitted bodice buttoning at back and joined at natural waistline to a pert dirndl skirt.

Number 2533, a circular skirt with suspender straps. Nice made up in a medium-weight woolen fabric, velveteen or corduroy.

Number 2534, a very clever trick, is a blouse and petticoat combination. None of that annoying tuck-in problem here. Blouse and petticoat button together, both have back closings. And of course same edging as used on collar and short gathered sleeves appears on petticoat's hem.

Number 2532, a full circular skirt for older sister has a neat, firm waistband and plenty of accent on swing and dash.

Number 2531 is another version of the blouse and petticoat combination, with blouse buttoned at front, petticoat (front opening) stitched to the blouse.

Number 2332, for the fashion-minded miss, is a very trim two-piece suit. A double-breasted jacket (flared in back) has flap pockets and flat wide collar. Skirt, box-pleated all round, may be made with or without suspenders.

Number 4899, a double-breasted box coat has centre back pleat and inset flap pockets. Leggings, always lined, are finished with suspenders. A little matching hat has a six-gore crown.

Number 2529 is a little dress-up number for Sunday best and that important first appearance at school. The bodice, back-buttoned, has its scalloped yoke outlined in ruffling. Nice to have the panties (pattern included) matching too, in case they're briefly glimpsed under the very full dirndl skirt.

Are you in the know?



Which would you use?

- The guest towels
- The turkish towels
- The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws reach for the guest towels—not the family's. Even if they look unapproachably lovely, use them. And too, especially on "certain days", be sure you use Quest deodorant powder. For Quest was created by Kotex for use on sanitary napkins. It's soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. And, most important, Quest destroys odours completely.



After making an introduction, then what?

- Follow through
- Let them take it from there
- Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?" Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. And, to put yourself at ease on "trying days" use the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's dainty, light, self-balancing. The pinless all-elastic belt that lets you bend every-which-way without a sign of harness-like restraint. Special patented clasps hold your Kotex securely in place.



9. As hostess, your duty is to set the stage and foresee possible conflicts.

(a) Avoid disorder and confusion by keeping bridge covers and pads all in one place, and some sharp pencils in a drawer where the children can't get at them to take to school. (b) Whether you have a maid or not, you'll be the only one still up to serve a late lunch. Wrap sandwiches in wax paper and a damp towel so they can be slipped onto a plate in short order. This is especially important if you like to keep on playing afterward. (c) Arrange ash trays or a dish of candies on end tables nearby and remember to empty trays before they spill over. (d) Never pair off a husband and wife without first asking if they can bear it. The Andersons made up their minds to play amicably years ago, and Mrs. Anderson's first major bridge triumph was won with her husband as a team. But most couples make it a strain. They scrap at each other across the table; nobody enjoys it; a whole evening can be spoiled. (e) Arrange beforehand approximately how long you want guests to play. (f) Distribute suitable chairs—too many hostesses inject into every party one chair that's so deep you have to crane your neck up and throw the cards. (g) All stakes should be fixed beforehand. People who bet at bridge generally play for a 10th, a 20th, a 40th or a 50th of a cent a point. But some people—women more than men—can't stand losing. If you bet, adopt the same attitude you would in buying a raffle ticket. If you don't play for money, by all means say so.

10. Stop—look—listen, for pointers in books, in magazines, on the radio. Once a week, over the CBC Dominion Network, for instance, Neil LeRoy narrates a bridge program which from time to time stars Marjorie Anderson. Tricky hands are dealt to different card experts from both Canada and the United States, and a play-by-play description of the game is given. One hundred of these hands have been printed in special pamphlets and are available. Bridge experts have agreed that here is one program that has been set up for radio successfully.

As we said, bridge is chancy. Once you start, there's no sure way of telling whether you'll end up a second Marjorie Anderson or a dud. But practice and concentration will de-chance chance in your performance more than anything else. *

Pattern Descriptions

2530—Dress, sizes 7-14. Size 10: 2 1/4 of 35". Collars and cuffs: 3/8 of 35". Bow: 3/4 yd. of 2 1/2" ribbon. Price 25c.

2533—Skirt, sizes 1-6. Size 3: 1 1/8 of 35". Price 25c.

2534—Blouse and petticoat combination, sizes 1-6. Size 3: 1 1/8 of 35". Edging: 5 1/2 yds. of 1 1/4". Price 25c.

2532—Skirt in sizes 7-14. Size 10: 2 1/4 of 35". Price 25c.

2531—Blouse and petticoat combination, sizes 7-14. Size 10: 2 1/4 of 35". Edging: 6 1/2 yds. of 1 1/4". Price 25c.

2332—Girls' suit, sizes 7-14. Size 10: 4 1/2 of 35". Jacket lining: 1 1/2 of 39". Price 25c.

4899—Child's coat, leggings and hat, sizes 1, 2, 4, 6. Size 2: 3/4 of 35". Price 25c.

2529—Child's dress and panties in sizes 1-6. Size 3: 2 1/4 of 35". Collar: 1/4 of 35". Price 25c.

2460—Maternity wrap-around house dress, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 4 1/2 of 35". Contrast: 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

2302—Maternity dress and jacket, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 7 of 39". Jacket lining: 2 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

2459—Maternity jumper and blouse, sizes 12-20. Size 16, Jumper: 4 of 35", Blouse: 2 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

2458—Maternity slack suit, sizes 12-20. Size 16, Slacks: 2 1/2 of 35". Top: 3 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

2451—Maternity slip and panties, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 4 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Are you in the know?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- Fair play
- All's fair in love
- Leave the field to Sue

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable—even if the pressure's terrific—don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel—

softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! So is the snug, comfortable fit of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's all-elastic—doesn't bind when you bend!



What's your winning weapon?

- Sharp chatter
- Samba know-how
- That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, too, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. In all 3 sizes of Kotex: Your secret weapon against secret woes!

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway). Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save yourself, at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines? Remember poise, also, comes in that package labelled Kotex!

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
sanitary napkins

KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



SAY HELLO TO AN OLD FRIEND . . .

Yes, it's soft, silky Johnson's Baby Powder . . . your first thought in caring for baby's skin!

If you're like most mothers, you always keep a can of Johnson's handy. You know how your baby loves those cool, soothing, snowy sprinkles.

What's more, you've seen how Johnson's Baby Powder helps keep baby skin so wonderfully satin-soft and fragrant.

NOW MEET A GREAT NEW DISCOVERY!

It's smooth, snow-white Johnson's Baby Lotion . . . wonderful news in baby skin care!

You use Johnson's Baby Lotion exactly like baby oil for all-over skin care . . . after baby's bath, at diaper changes. This modern baby skin care gives never-before protection against irritations!

Hospital tests show cases of prickly heat and diaper rash drop to a new low when babies get Lotion care!

You'll find Lotion pleasanter to use, too . . . soft, creamy, not sticky on baby's skin.

Let Johnson's Baby Lotion join Johnson's Baby Powder on baby's nursery tray!

Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED
MONTREAL

Ontario Ladies' College
FOUNDED 1874 • WHITBY, ONTARIO

A Residential School for Girls, near Toronto

- Public School to Honour Matriculation, Music, Art and Handicrafts, Household Science, Secretarial Courses and Dramatics. Ideally situated in one hundred acres of grounds. Swimming Pool and Gymnasium. Physical Education and Riding. Valuable scholarships offered.

CALENDAR ON REQUEST

REV. S. L. OSBORNE, B.D., Mus. Doc., PRINCIPAL

4-48

It's Television

Continued from page 11

talent is jumping on the bandwagon with success. Gertrude Lawrence, who televised "Susan and God" way back in 1938, topped the field in television drama recently with Shaw's "Great Catharine" on the Theatre Guild hour. Among the radio stars Lanny Ross is a television hit. Don McNeill's Breakfast Club has added to its charm by being seen. But others aren't doing so well. Name bands have turned out to be boring. Crooners to look silly. News commentators to be embarrassingly idle.

Inevitably stars will drop from the firmament, but new ones will shine in their place. Already television is developing its own and the leading lady is Kyle MacDonnell who's been described as "the nicest thing that's happened to television," and whose singing personality makes Thursday night's "For Your Pleasure" one of the high spots in televised entertainment. How has she made the grade in this new medium? She's pretty, but no prettier than plenty of other girls. She sings and has a pleasant speaking voice, but before television, her voice was not making her famous. The answer is partly that she's quick and sure in her gestures, her changes of expression, partly that her beauty is more than features, it's something that shines as though she were made of light. But most of all it's her type—she's been called "the girl with living-room appeal" because, while she has both beauty and sex appeal, Kyle MacDonnell is fresh and natural, the sort of girl who's at home in a nice home. But, although she's forecast as a television star when television can rise to stars, Kyle MacDonnell has not been able to make a living at it so far. She plays in "Make Mine Manhattan," a current Broadway musical and takes on other jobs such as fashion shows.

The television crews, in particular, behave as though they were all too young to have heard more than a rumor about anything so obsolete as radio. At NBC, the television people are such a small part of things that even the information desks are none too sure where they're housed, haven't the slightest idea when they rehearse or go on the air. But inside their own studios nothing matters to the televisers but television. In action they remind one of a group of amateurs rehearsing a little theatre play, filled with vision, but not entirely sure about what they're doing. They have no audiences—there's too much going on in the studio—and it's

+ Continued on page 62

"Frank is a show-off"



"I JUST can't keep my Frank from showing off! He behaves quietly enough at home with Father and me, but the moment visitors come, he does everything he can to monopolize attention. He interrupts conversation so much, I'm embarrassed! Frank is a nice boy, so quick and intelligent, but why does he want to attract the attention of STRANGERS all the time?"

He doesn't! Frank wants YOU to notice and admire him, Mother—not strangers! Since he shows off only before visitors, he obviously feels pushed into the background at those times. He fights this the only way he can—by exhibitionism!

Cure Frank, by making sure your attitude doesn't change when visitors are around. Frank wants to be treated as an important, interesting member of the family—**ALL THE TIME!** He shows off for visitors to attract *your* attention, afraid and jealous that strangers will win your favour. So do show Frank he is *always wanted!* Tell him beforehand when company is expected. Perform the proper introductions to Frank when they arrive. Show him he is welcome to stay—and include him *casually* in the general talk.

Next, teach Frank not to INTERRUPT. Be stern about this. And be particularly careful that neither you nor Father interrupt Frank—even accidentally. If you are courteous toward each other, Frank will soon imitate you.

Father can help too. Get him to tell Frank about men no one likes—men who interrupt rudely, and annoy people by craving attention. Frank will quickly realize these are HIS faults, and he will correct them.

Never ignore Frank. Teach him to be COURTEOUS and WELL-MANNERED, and soon Frank will lose all desire to show off!

Bad manners at breakfast

If your children are restless and bad-mannered at breakfast, perhaps the family cereal doesn't tempt them. Then try Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Its merry Snap-Crackle-Pop delights youngsters as they pour on milk or cream. Rice Krispies are so crisp, so tasty, they'll ask for more! Rice Krispies is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-37, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"Kenna was afraid of the dark" writes Mrs. MacDonald

"When my daughter was 2½, she was nervous and so afraid of the dark. I didn't scoff at her fears, or scold her. Instead, I took her around her bedroom at night, and let her feel all the familiar furniture. We went outside, and with a flashlight, I showed her the hens asleep in their roost. She is almost three now, and shows no fear of the dark at all! She accepts it as 'sleeping time' for all things."



New television star Kyle MacDonnell lets writer Thelma LeCocq in on some of her video secrets.

Child Health Clinic

Our Readers' Questions

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

FEEDING PROBLEM

Question—I'm writing to ask your advice about my baby girl aged 10 months on the problem of making her sleep well at nights. She is the picture of health, so sturdy and brown and is so strong. She has eight teeth, four top and four bottom and now stands holding onto a chair and makes great efforts to walk. I keep her out in the sun and air as much as possible. I breast fed her till she was nine months and now she is entirely weaned. She has three meals a day. Pablum, toast and egg yolk every other day for breakfast and evaporated milk (as we can't get fresh here). For dinner she has one half can of one of the baby foods and vegetables and a pudding to follow, and for supper bread, butter and jam and sometimes fruit and milk. She also has orange juice every day. She always has a big appetite and enjoys her food. She is inclined to be constipated. I give her laxatives now and again. My big problem is *sleep at night*. She only sleeps about an hour and a half in the daytime and I bathe her and put her to bed about seven p.m. with a bottle. She sometimes sleeps till about 10 p.m. and from then on she keeps waking and tossing about. I often have to get up between one and two a.m. and make her a bottle to get her off to sleep again. Sometimes she is awake all evening and does not seem a bit tired. I put leggings on her as she kicks all the covers off. She has so much fresh air and exercise, I just can't think why she is so restless at nights. I give the evaporated milk diluted half water and she likes it. She drinks from a cup in the daytime. Baby now weighs 22 lb. Her birth weight was 6 1/4 lb.—Mrs. R. S., Ontario.

Answer—Your baby certainly seems to be doing well—her weight, teeth and activity all are ahead of the average for her age. Breast feeding is best for babies and I am glad to hear that your daughter had this advantage.

In regard to her meals, I enclose a folder showing what is recommended here for 10-month-old babies. You will notice jam is not in this list, as it is not a good food for a child of this age. I think your child is a little too young to go on three meals a day, and that this is the cause of her wakefulness. You will note that at one year the diet is considerably more varied than the one you are using now. You would be wise to add the new foods listed one at

a time, in small amounts at first, until she takes them readily. Green vegetables, prunes and rolled oats have a laxative effect. The last food is added at the age of one year usually. Use these foods in moderation at first until you find out how much is needed to control her constipation. If necessary, you can use milk of magnesia, in one to two teaspoonful doses at night, for her constipation now. I am enclosing two sheets which will help you in training her in toilet habits.

You would be wise to feed her at the times indicated in this pamphlet. The 10 o'clock feeding will help her to sleep through the night, and will probably solve your difficulty. Evaporated milk with equal parts of water is excellent.

A baby under one year of age will usually sleep both in the morning and the afternoon. After that age one good nap per day is sufficient, and she will be ready for three meals a day. You would be wise to give her her noon meal soon after 12 o'clock so that she will be awake for some time before her supper. You may have to keep on giving her eight ounces of milk (diluted as you mention) at 10 or 11 p.m. until she is 14 or 15 months old. When she sleeps through the night without it, you can discontinue it.

THE RH FACTOR

Question—I was very interested in your article on Erythroblastosis as I have twins born with the Rh factor. Now at three months the twins seem normal and are making a steady gain in weight, but I would like to know if a child is completely cured of this blood disease and how long it should take. It mentioned in the article that some children are physically or mentally affected. How old would a child be when one could notice these effects, or is there any advice you could give me? —Mrs. J. M., Ontario.

Answer—In regard to your twins who showed signs of Erythroblastosis (Rh factor disease), I am glad to hear they are doing so well. I presume that you are having them checked over by your physician (either private or clinic) as often as he thinks necessary. The chances are that they will be perfectly normal, but as you have given me no details of their symptoms I am not able to give you an accurate opinion. The thing to do is to have them watched by your physician who will prescribe any necessary treatment. *

Let's talk about MODERN BABIES

by RUTH PARSONS

Sleeping on his face is good for baby. It prevents the back of his head from flattening and the hair from wearing off. It also enables him to lift himself when he chooses, thereby exercising arms and back. Baby may be taught to sleep on his face when he is strong enough to lift and turn his head to breathe easily. Choose a time when he's quite sleepy, to introduce him to this new experience. He may cry a little the first few times, but he'll soon get over the strangeness and begin to enjoy himself.



Everything used in fixing baby's bottle should be kept absolutely germ-free. Once a day, after washing and rinsing, boil everything together . . . except nipples . . . in a big open pan with a cloth in the bottom. Water should cover all utensils while they boil for five minutes. Remove everything with tweezers and set on a clean towel to dry without wiping. Boil nipples separately in salted water so they won't get soft. Keep in a dry, sterile, covered jar in a dark place.

When baby is ready to sit in his own low chair for meals, he's also ready to learn to drink from a cup or glass. Choose one small enough for baby's mouth and begin by serving his orange juice and boiled water in this fashion. He may stubbornly refuse, but it's up to you to be just as stubborn. Offer them in this way, and no other, until he takes them. Soon he'll be taking all fluids, except nursing or bottle, in the cup or glass.



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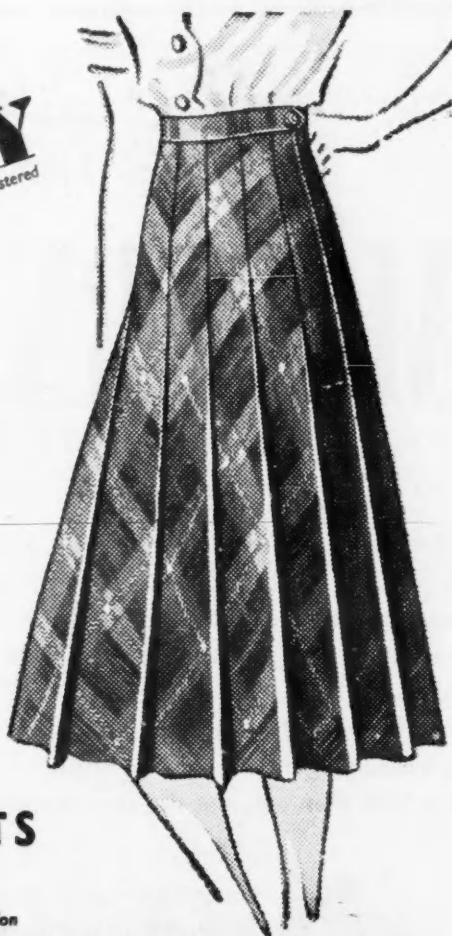
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481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

almost impossible to get into a show that's being televised. Too many people are curious and there's no place to put them. But, if you just arrive, poke your head in the door and look interested, someone's going to invite you in so he can show off the baby.

Confusion in the Video Kitchen

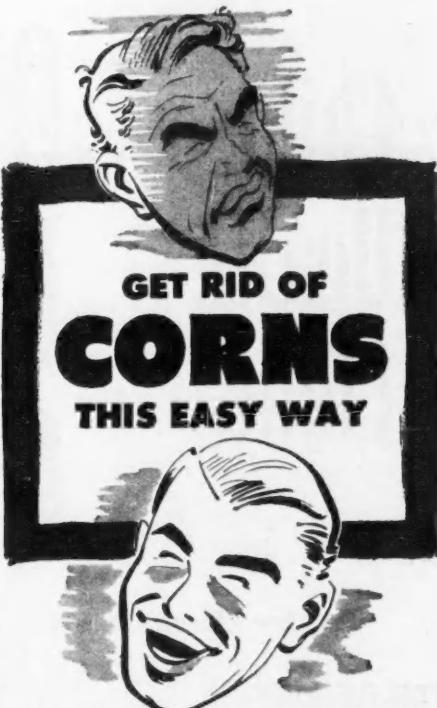
THE DAY this Chatelaine reporter was at NBC, the housekeeping program featuring Agnes Kitchell at the stove was in rehearsal and the back door was wide open. At first glance there didn't seem to be any place to put oneself. At one end was the kitchen and Mrs. Kitchell with her market basket. At the other end, three cameras and what looked like a mob scene, but turned out to be an operating crew of over 20 people, 12 of whom were engineers all in working order. The only place to be out of the way was up a flight of stairs in the control room where the director and assistant director, connected by earphones with the stage manager below, made the final decisions on the screening.

On their screens—a trial one to the right and a final one to the left—television came through the way it's meant to, in clear black and white. The program opened with the front door of an attractive house. The director gave an order to "fade up" and the scene switched to a very white kitchen with Agnes Kitchell in a black dress with a white apron and pearls. "Good evening," Mrs. Kitchell smiled and greeted her audience, and with that she made them at home. To the thousands who watch her and listen to her, Agnes Kitchell's plain, plump, pleasant looks personify the good housewife. You can tell at a glance that she's a woman who knows how to feed her family and you're prepared to watch and listen.

On this particular day she had obviously just arrived from market, her basket brimming over with the makings of a vegetable plate. "So plentiful, fresh from the market—aspargus, tomatoes, mushrooms, carrots, frosted corn on the cob," Agnes Kitchell showed them, and named them one by one till she got to the package of corn. "I'll be taking the cover off," she suggested to the director. "We'll have a close-up of that," he decided instantly. Off came the wrapper and in place of Mrs. Kitchell, four cobs of corn fill the screen.

From there she went on to the preparation—a cheese soufflé, sautéed mushrooms, glazed carrots, tomatoes halved and baked with a touch of onion, parsley, chopped bacon and "a little sugar to make them nice and brown." As Mrs. Kitchell moved from the table to the sink, to the stove and the refrigerator, the cameras moved with her, but all was not smooth. Working in a television show is like being photographed in a family group—everything has to move in closer. The cook must work with her elbows close to her sides. For television another knack has to be developed, that of stirring and beating with the bowl tilted away from one so the audience can see into it. Even more than the average kitchen, space and clutter are a problem. "I can't work here," Mrs. Kitchell calls up. "It's very cluttered and messy." So the cameramen shift to a tidier spot, someone shouts, "Okay, Agnes," and the shooting begins again.

While she's working—and she goes



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through the preparation of the whole dish till it's sitting hot and pretty on the plate—Agnes Kitchell explains what she's doing and why. "Constantly stirring not to lump up," she warns. "Have merrily boiling water," she instructs. "There's a regular collar on the soufflé," she boasts. And "Good night and good cooking," she signs off.

In a half hour show Agnes Kitchell has prepared a dinner which in actual cookery would take an hour and a half, shows her audience the finished product on the plate. To do this she has two or three of everything—an unfinished soufflé that you see her pop in the oven, another ready cooked which she brings out—a pan of raw tomatoes to go in, another of succulent browned ones to produce for the serving. All these things she cooks herself for the telecast—after rehearsing them first on her family. The men in the studio say she's good—after the show they eat everything—and that the days she cooks something fragrant like steak the aroma draws visitors from studios all down the corridors. On one occasion when the whipped potatoes round a planked steak hadn't browned and they'd touched them up with paint, the eager hangers-on wolfed it down, paint and all, before anyone had a chance to stop them.

Keep-the-Children-Quiet Programs

IS THE show a success? "It's been on for 55 weeks," the director points out, "the sponsor must be pleased."

Already television has been accepted as a great teacher. It is being used to teach children and grownups civic awareness in the form of a popular puppet named Howdy-Doody who's running for President. A young man named Bob Smith who goes in for improving the behavior of the young is worshipped by mothers who own television sets. For grownups television offers lessons in golf, explains with visual help the mysteries of the atom and jet propulsion. It is hoped that one day great educationists such as Toynbee and Einstein will be able to reach masses of students through this new medium.

Meanwhile television is almost nowhere more than a 20-hour-a-week affair—when you can get it—and 25% of that time is devoted to sports. But here too it goes in for arousing interest and teaching, even shows women how to do a half Nelson and a quarter Nelson in order to interest them in wrestling. Some women discover they have a passion for sports, others still don't care. What they do like are dramatic shows, amateur shows, keep-the-children-quiet programs. What they object to even more than sports are the old movies—so far television can't afford the price of a new Hollywood picture though it is negotiating for the revival of old favorites.

And here comes the big bug in television—something every housewife will understand—it's the cost. For time alone the cost is a minimum of \$1,000 an hour. For this year the sparse hours of television in the U. S. A. will cost \$10 millions for just the programming. Here in Canada television will come, but when or to what extent, nobody knows for certain. Meanwhile we'll continue to go at least as far as the corner for the groceries, to the movie house for our shows, and feel it worth while to teach at least one more generation to read. *



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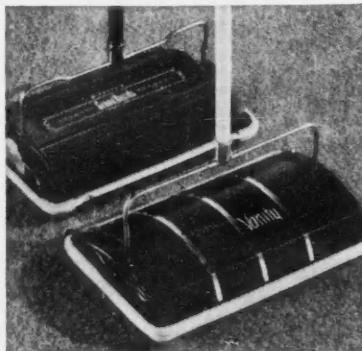
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Chatelaine

Volume 21
Number 8

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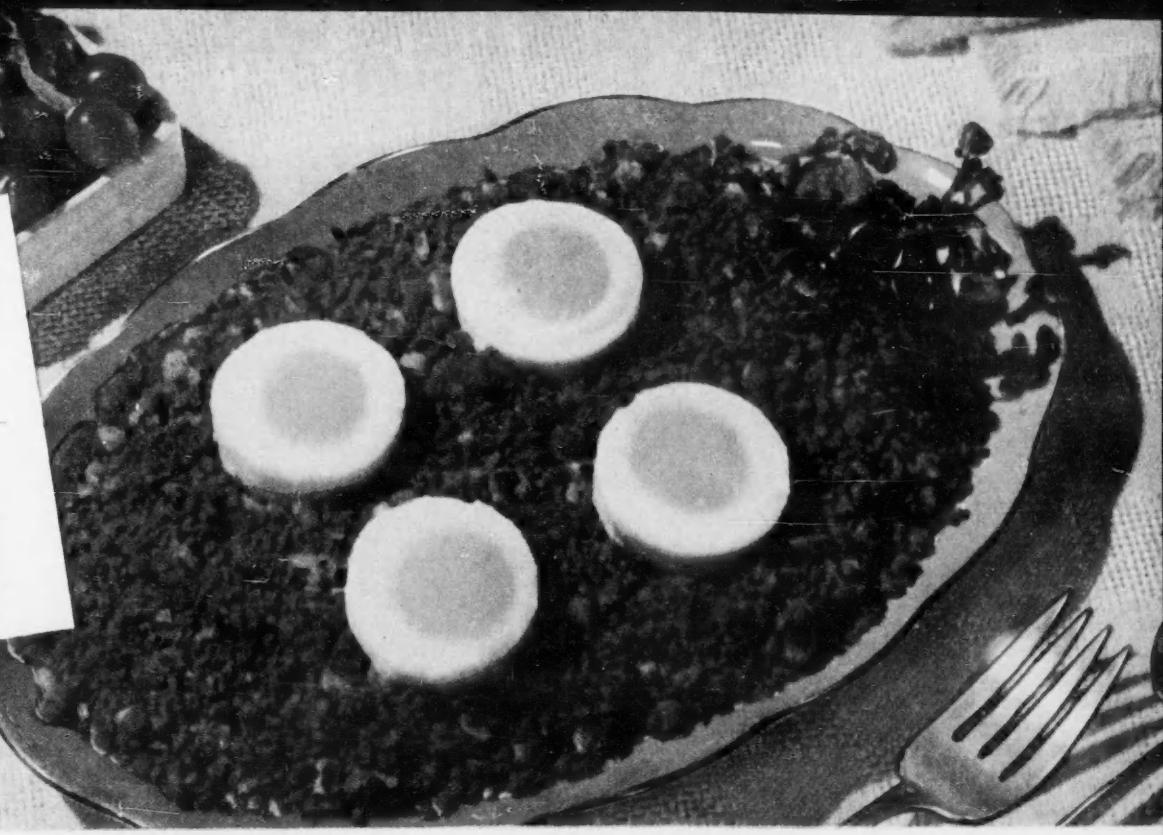
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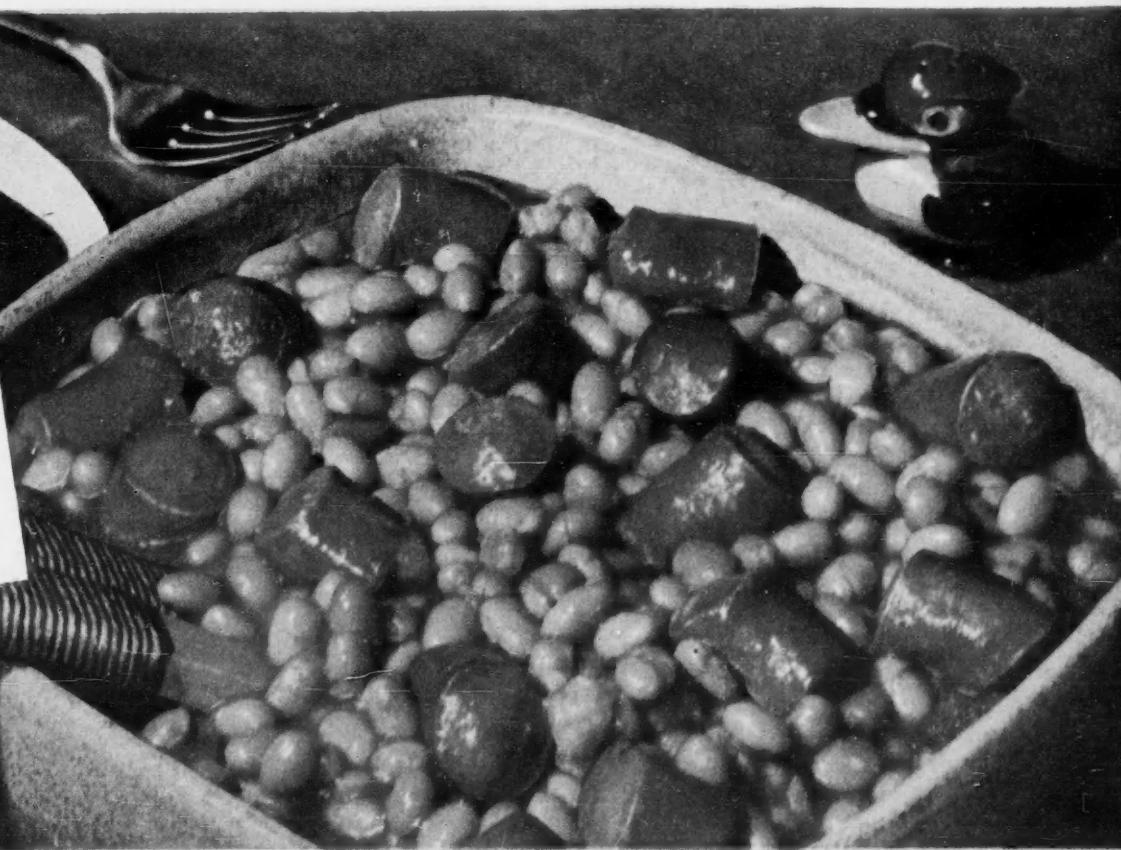
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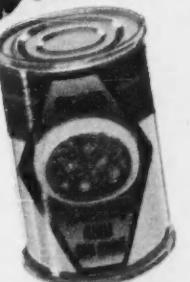
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